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AND GENERAL LITERATURE

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The New York Sun, in an editorial on March 10, speaking of Mr. Roosevelt's article on the Monroe Doctrine, says: "He has no doubt chosen that ably conducted magazine as the vehicle of his remarks, for the reason that it reaches a numerous body of college graduates," etc.

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JUL 6 1896

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

VOLUME III. *July, 1896.* NUMBER 2.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. ROBERT J. COOK.

I knew that the week before Mr. Cook sailed with the Yale Henley crew for England, June 6, he would be very busy not only with matters pertaining to the crew, but as well the New York newspaper with which he he is connected as publisher. So, as THE BACHELOR desired to lay before its readers Mr. Cook's latest word about college rowing generally, and the Yale crew in particular, an interview was arranged, and a few general questions put and answered. Like all men with a talent for certain things, he talks of his "subject" with a quiet, intense enthusiasm, which years cannot dim. In the old days his temper sometimes did not brook contradiction, and he was satisfied to demonstrate to a recalcitrant oarsman his own physical superiority—either in boxing or wrestling—and he never was known to come out second best. Nowadays he is milder and quieter—time has modified his methods—but he is none the less in earnest. His presence "steadies" a crew wonderfully. He has their confidence. He is never at a loss what to do. He never, even on a race day, gets "rattled." He is always simple, quiet, authoritative. Rowing, to him, is an art. There is a certain smoothness, a continuous movement of the oar in curves, in the rowing of his crews which approaches rhythmic perfection. All

athletic sports—the running stride, the pedaling of a bicycle in racing, the walk, the hurdle-race—require this rhythmic movement, this musical repetition in order. Cook's Yale crews at their best can swing easily back and forward the boat on her bottom, the blades in the air. It is not his uniform success, it is the "finish" of his crews that has made him to-day the great coach he is.

Besides this, Bob Cook is himself a college man (Yale '76). He coaches Yale crews out of love for the sport and his Alma Mater only. He is paid nothing directly or indirectly. He is not dependent on coaching for a living. I say this, as the contrary is so often stated—that he is paid a princely sum to coach Yale every year. Secondly, he does not coach Yale crews out of any old-time animosity toward Harvard. He has said that if asked, and if agreeable to Yale, he would be very glad to run over to Cambridge and look over the Harvard crew and coach them if they desired, any year. Lehman, of Cambridge, England, coached the Oxford crew this year, having obtained the consent of the authorities of Cambridge to do so. There has been some grumbling about it among the Cambridge men, but on the whole the feeling has sustained Lehman. So Yale feeling would sustain Bob Cook, if, out of courtesy and good feeling and a desire to see Harvard make the best of her splendid material, he should devote some of his time to coaching a Harvard crew. This *should* be the true, manly, and friendly tone between the two colleges—the tone of respect and decent regard which exists between two manly and gentlemanly opponents.

Desiring to recall the early days of boating at Yale I asked Mr. Cook the question, "Why did you go to England to learn rowing in 1873?"

"Because there was really no one in America at that time who understood the subject. Ellis Ward, Josh Ward, Hamlin of Pittsburg, were men who had a very crude idea of scientific rowing for college men. They were men of great endurance, and they worked their crews and pumped them dry on hard work and limited diet. Now and then they would happen to get a crew of tough, strong fellows and win—as the Amherst 'Aggies' won in 1871, and Amherst won in '72. I was in the Yale boat in '72 which had a stroke of its own, and it finished last of six, but we all rowed slow then as compared with the speed now. I became satisfied that the professional oarsmen then, as the professional oarsmen to-day in this country, could teach college crews very little, if anything. They have very poor heads, as a rule, and they have no idea how to *impart* what knowledge they have. In England I knew that rowing had been in existence a long time, that Oxford and Cambridge had for years settled upon a similar style of rowing. Reading descriptions and conversing with one or two English 'varsity men had given me a faint idea of what their stroke was like. I felt convinced that Yale had to go to school in rowing and learn her alphabet. I got leave from the faculty—I was then captain of the yet untried university crew of '73, and I went to England to learn the rudiments. I must say the Oxford men all treated me with the utmost kindness.

"I began work at the London Rowing Club

with F. S. Gulston, who was then the best amateur oarsman in England, and later went to Cambridge, putting in some time there with the captain and coach of the Cambridge crew, learning their method of selecting new men and hearing the coaching necessary for a beginner, or one just selected for a university crew. Then I spent a week or ten days at Oxford, keeping myself in touch with the rudiments and practice of their method of rowing.

"When you returned to Yale, how did you find things?"

"I found everything about as I left it. I got back in May. The race was to be the first week in July. I had to teach five new men a new stroke, which, by the way, is not easy to learn without great patience and steady, laborious effort. The great intercollegiate three-mile race of that year, at Springfield, contained 11 crews—11 colleges. Of course, there were plenty of rowing wiseacres about college to say that my new stroke was worthless. I got a crew together, and I can well say that I have never had so much trouble teaching a crew since that first time. I had to coach and act as stroke at the same time. We had no 'tank' system, and I did most of my teaching in a pair oar, sitting in bow, and getting each one in the crew into shape as best I could. The college generally looked upon the new stroke as a 'last gasp' experiment. They had little confidence in me or in it. They felt that *possibly* there was something in it, but all went up to the Springfield regatta feeling very doubtful. The newspapers made a great deal of fun of the new-fangled stroke. Why, they rejected my new stroke for the freshmen

that year, and engaged Hamil, of Pittsburg, a professional sculler, who certainly did well by his crew, and won easily. Every one before the race at Springfield went about saying he wished the freshman crew were the 'Varsity! Well, the eventful day came. Yale won, and then came a very pleasant revulsion of feeling in my favor. A new boating era began, a new boathouse was built, and sound principles in rowing and training.

"Those were great boating days.

"Amherst, Amherst Agricultural, Wesleyan, Williams, Dartmouth, Trinity, Bowdoin—colleges which nowadays never go into boating on any pretext—were then represented by strong crews—as they could be again, I believe, if we should organize an American Henley, of which I will speak later. The crews rowed without coxswains, steered by the bow oar. The Yale crew were: Fowler, Day, Kennedy, McCook, Meyer, Cook, stroke.

"In 1875, 13 colleges entered, including Union, Princeton, Brown, and Hamilton. I consider those the great days of American college enthusiasm for rowing—when men would go miles away for running water, and train on canals and duck ponds. A college like Princeton, with a canal to row on, should raise a fund and for a two-mile course, widen their canal fifty feet, so that the regular canal-boats could pass on their course and yet allow room for rowing. It is a great pity that Princeton has no rowing water, as she is undoubtedly a first-class athletic college, and has plenty of material.

"What did you do at the Centennial regatta in '76?"

"Our Centennial crew in '76 at Philadelphia

consisted of Kennedy, stroke; Kellogg, Collin, myself, bow. Fred. Wood, who originally rowed bow, was disabled, having a felon on his hand, and I took his place. We won the second heat over the Vespers and Crescents of Philadelphia, and the second day rowed the London Rowing Club and barely lost the race. The Beaverwicks of Albany finally won from the London Rowing Club in slower time than we made. September 1 we beat Columbia for the collegiate championship. First Trinity of Cambridge, Eng., withdrew, so that we cannot say that Yale has ever met an English university crew in an actual race until now, 1896. The papers generally credited us with beating the London Rowing Club crew, and they conceded that we would have won if we had steered differently. It was a hard fast race for 1½ miles, won in 8 min. 51 s."

"How about that diagonal finish-line in '73?"

"As to that, Harvard claimed she had to row farther than Yale, owing to the finish-line being made parallel with the starting-line. There was a bend in the Connecticut River. Harvard thought the line ought to have been at right angles to the bank. I do not exactly remember about the shape of the river; but it is easy to see that the lines should be parallel in order to have the crews row equal distances. I believed at the time, and believe now, that Harvard did not row any farther than Yale, and that Yale won fairly on her new stroke. Harvard was so sure she had won in the growing dusk that she obtained the flags and hurried them on to Boston. They were stopped at Worcester and sent back. Harvard mistook the line, that was all, and had to abide by her mistake. Yale

was ahead of her when she stopped rowing."

"From the '73 race—how have the Yale crews followed your teaching?"

"In 1874, at Saratoga Lake, we had a splendid crew, certainly in as fine shape as I ever knew a Yale crew. Fourteen colleges entered. We unfortunately drew a position next to Harvard. At the start Harvard took our course. I was stroke, and rowed a slow 33. Slowly we crept upon the crimson, and passed to the right, and ahead by a length. Harvard then steered and drove the bow of her boat into us, smashing No. 1's oar, and cut off our rudder. We fell out of the race. Harvard stopped, then went on, coming in third, and Columbia won.

"In '75 we were overtrained, and could not show our true form at Saratoga Lake. In '76 we rowed the first eight-oar four-mile race in America, beating Harvard at Springfield by 10 lengths. This year I coached the Harvard crew (6) once or twice, which afterward raced in Lake Saratoga, and which came in second.

"Later that year, in August, our four met the London Rowing Club four at Philadelphia, and were beaten by three feet. We should have won this race, and were jockeyed out of it in this way: There was a bend in the course of the Schuylkill River; the London Rowing Club had the inside, and, when we pulled up even, the London Rowing Club's boat steered slightly into our course. We yielded, and they immediately went back into their own course, which was the inside, and consequently, by the time the boats were straightened out again, we had described a larger arc, and found that we had lost by that forced maneuver a half a

length; then, after pulling up even again, the same trick was resorted to by the London Rowing Club a second time, which threw us out of another half-length. Of course, if we had touched them, we would have been awarded the race, but I did not care to get a decision in that manner, and believed then, as I believe now, that if a race cannot be won by fair means, it is not worth having; but it demonstrated at that time that we were faster than the best English representative college crews. Our four easily outclassed the four which represented Cambridge University, and it also won from Dublin University; but you know that under the English racing rules they jockey each other, while we at Yale have always considered that that ought not to be a part of good racing."

"What will be your instructions at Henley?"

"I have always favored each crew having their own course, and that they should in no way hinder any other crew, and Yale will continue to keep her own course at Henley, even if she takes the lead, and will not cause a hindrance to a rival crew, though under their rules we would have a right to do so; yet this has always been our Yale policy, and we will continue to stick to it.

"Has Yale always been faithful to your peculiar stroke?"

"No, and when they have not in every respect, they have invariably lost.

"The reasons for attempts to change were caused by ambitions that are peculiar to human nature and undergraduate inexperience, and it often extends to graduates."

"What are the peculiarities of your stroke?"

"It is the natural waterman's stroke, and is the least exhausting.

"There are a lot of things, such as keeping the back rigid in swinging from the hips, keeping the shoulders braced when the oar takes the water, the use of the legs and the feet in the best manner possible, holding the oar properly, regulating the depth of the blade and the proper length of the stroke, and doing it with the right muscles, and, in the matter of recovery, to avoid a hang or any slowness of action either with the hands or with the body, to regulate the feather, the use again of the legs and feet correctly in recovering, regulates space of recovery of arms and body relatively to each other. It is necessary to execute all these movements in a thoroughly continuous circuit.

"As to the methods of coaching, this is usually done individually in the pair-oar, and then the crew was placed collectively and coached from the launch. I expect to coach from horseback at Henley."

"Did you ever coach any crew in a race by megaphone?"

"If you mean actually in the race, I certainly did not, but I have used the megaphone for coaching purposes in practice, in calling from the launch, as this is necessary on account of the noise caused by the oars in the water and the engine of the launch, which makes it necessary for the human voice to be aided if one expects to make the oarsmen hear what you have to say."

"What do you think of the Poughkeepsie course?"

"I would as soon expect to row a race across the sound or in the lower bay. It is

too apt to be rough at Poughkeepsie, and there are too many steamboats. The New London course is much better, though not perfect."

"What do you expect will be the number of strokes used per minute in the race?"

"It is just as easy to row 40 to 42 as 30 to 32 on the lines and principles of our stroke. I presume that we will row as high as 42 at the beginning of the race, and not lower than 38."

"What have you to say of the *personnel* of the Henley crew?"

"As to the *personnel* of the crew, they are certainly a fine type of Yale-college oarsmen. They are thoroughly in earnest, faithful, and full of pluck. They are tall men, averaging nearly six feet, and they have been faithful in learning the stroke.

"As to the arrangements at Henley, we shall have a comfortable house, the residence of a private wealthy gentleman, near the course with every convenience necessary for the comfort of the crew."

"Mr. Adam's criticism is that the crew have not a quick enough 'catch.' What is your view as to this?"

"The criticism of Mr. Adams that the crew, when he saw them, did not have quick enough 'catch' was correct, but in this, of course, the crew will steadily improve. I don't consider the crew to be rowing in perfect shape now. Nor will they be until the week of the race."

"What is your idea of the future of rowing in this country?"

"I think that the outlook for amateur rowing in this country is not at present very favorable. I am very much in favor of THE

BACHELOR'S idea of establishing the first week in July an American Henley at New London which will be similar in a great many respects to the English Henley. I observed in the June number of THE BACHELOR that it is of the opinion that something ought to be done to give minor crews an opportunity. For example, there may be in college a very good freshman or sophomore or junior crew. They may have made excellent time and beaten everything in college. An American Henley would give them an opportunity, just, for instance, as is given to Trinity College, of Cambridge, an opportunity to row in general competition. A crew composed of members of one fraternity could enter; besides that, sixes, fours and twos, and single sculls could enter."

"Would not the undecided question of 'Who is an amateur?' affect such a general regatta?"

"I think that the word 'amateur' is now pretty well defined in this country, and that there would not be any trouble for that reason. Such a regatta would welcome crews from this country, Canada, and all over the world. The course at New London for a mile and a half would be a good one; it would be convenient, and it would be far enough away from any large city to prevent a tough crowd gathering. I am heartily in favor of an American Henley, occurring after the college year is over and when the students are entering on their vacation. Such a regatta would do a great deal to increase enthusiasm for the greatest aquatic sport. If such influential magazines as THE BACHELOR, the *Yale Alumni News*, the *Harvard Monthly* and *Crimson*, the *Amherst Literary Monthly*,

Cornell Era, the western college papers, and *Harper's Weekly* would take up the idea of an American Henley and discuss it during this next coming year, I believe that in 1897 the first regatta could be held. The idea would be to have a committee or body of stewards who would be permanent and reliable; such a body could be obtained from among the prominent and substantial business men of New London, combined with one or two college men, leaving, perhaps, the majority of the stewards not college men. Such a regatta should last a week, or at least four or five days, and should present suitable prizes. The long four-mile race is well enough for two crews, but I doubt its expediency or its value where there are more than two entries. It is essentially a match race; a distance of that length is not adapted to more than two crews."

"Would such a regatta induce English crews to come over to this country?"

"I think that it would do so, although as the regatta would be held the same time as the Henley Regatta, it is not likely that a foreign crew would care to miss that event."

"Rowing in both this country and in England is really kept up by the colleges. The Leander Boat Club, the London Rowing Club, and the Thames Rowing Club are largely composed of graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, who keep up their interest in rowing until they get to be middle-aged men."

"Can you give the times of the best Grand Challenge Cup races in the last 10 years?"

"The distance of the Henley course is one mile 550 yards in length, 130 feet wide, and the course is almost straight. It will therefore

require very little steering, except in case the other English crews attempt to jockey us.

"In 1885 Jesus College, Cambridge, won in 7 min. 22 s.

"In 1886 Cambridge, Trinity Hall, won in 6 min. 53½ s.

"In 1887 Cambridge, Trinity Hall won in 6 min. 56 s.

"In 1888 Thames Rowing Club won in 7 min. 1 s.

"In 1889 Thames Rowing Club won in 7 min. 4 s.

"In 1890 London Rowing Club won in 7 min. 4½ s.

"In 1891 Leander Boat Club won in 6 min. 51 s.

"In 1892 Leander Boat Club won in 7 min. 48½ s.

"In 1893 Leander Boat Club won in 7 min. 12 s.

"In 1894 Leander Boat Club won in 7 min. 22 s.

"In 1895 Cambridge, Trinity Hall, won in 7 min. 30 s.

"It will be seen that the best time was made by the Leanders in 1891—6 minutes 51 seconds."

"Are you afraid of Thames malaria?"

"Of course there is danger in living too near the Thames, of getting malaria and getting out of condition before the race. We expect to have our quarters about a half a mile from the river, and to be on the river rowing not more than two hours every day. If there is the slightest indication of malaria we shall run down to Brighton and live there. The crew are now in good condition and there will be no

danger of overtraining. I noticed that Ward had his Pennsylvania crews over the four-mile course at Poughkeepsie in the morning in something like 22 min. and a half, and in the evening in 24 minutes, the water being rough morning and evening. This is the way a professional coach works his crews. It will not surprise me if the Pennsylvania crews on the day of the race are overtrained. We shall be very particular not to overwork our crew. The race is a short one and will require plenty of nerve and reserve force, and it does not require the same endurance as the four-mile pull requires."

"What have you to say in regard to the Yale-Wisconsin race?"

"I think the freshman crew this year is not up to the average. As yet they have not got the stroke."

"Will you pursue the policy of 'secrecy' on the Thames?"

"No, I shall expect to have our time taken over the course—and I hope on the Thames to have brushes with rowing clubs as often as I can get them, to bring out the sprinting quality of the crew; this is what they will be called on for in the race.

"The Yale crew goes to Henley merely as a representative of Yale University, and to test an average Yale-university crew and its Yale stroke against the best amateur and university crews of Great Britain. As William B. Curtis said in *Outing* this month: 'In this expedition Yale announces no mission: does not pretend to officially represent any body of collegiate or amateur oarsmen, and makes no claim to be considered the fastest crew in the United States.'

"We have long wanted to go abroad, but have been unable to get any match race of four miles with the English universities, and so have entered their general Henley regatta. We shall try to do our best, and unless climatic influences are greater than we are now aware of, we shall make a good showing at Henley. I consider the crew a good average Yale crew. The men are thoroughly in earnest and enthusiastic, and they will pull for every pound there is in them."

THE GRAVES OF THE SIRENS.

"Ἐνὶ τὸν Σειρήνων ἀφίκοντο τάφον."—Antonius Diogenes.

Rouse thee, pilot, and bear me far
  Over the palpitant purple sea
Unto the isle where the sirens are—
  Summon thy rowers lustily.

Hearken not to the lashing wind:
  Lydian gold shall be your hire.
Leave the shore of the world behind—
  Ho for the mists of my soul's desire!

Bend to the oar each sunburned back,
  While the stroke-chant swells o'er the creaking shrouds;
Cloud with the crested foam our track,
  As the blue sky foams into crests of clouds.

The deep sea laughs to the plunging prow,
  Laughs to the sweep of the dipping oar:—
Laughter that mocks the care-lined brow
  And bids its sorrows return no more.

Tell me, pilot, what is yon isle
  In its mystic mantle of purple haze?
Royal the robe that cloaked the guile
  And the sweet deceptions of vanished days—

Hark! what sound comes over the waves?—
  Ripples lapping upon the rocks:
Never a lyre that slays or saves,
  Never a voice that pleads or mocks.

Hear me, sirens, and to my heart
  Breathe but a bar of the old-time song,
That from your coast I may ne'er depart,
  And life be short so that love live long.

Silence, but for the gull's weird shriek;
  Silence, but for the moaning sea.
Cleave the beach with the galley's beak—
  Are those graves neath yon myrtle tree?

Softly the grasses wave and sigh
  Their whispered melodies in mine ear;
"Under us do the sirens lie:
  Song and beauty are buried here."

Leave me, comrades, and to the waves
  Turn your wandering prow again;
For I would rest by the sirens' graves,
  As I have toiled in the haunts of men.

Sing to me, grasses, croon to me low
  The cradle-song of my Mother Earth;
For the old-time order is dead, I know;
  The old-time sorrow, the old-time mirth.

Sing to me, sirens, up through the grass,
  For my soul is weary of days and breath:
So shall the Queen Persephone pass
  And bind my brow with the flowers of death.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

COLLEGE MEN IN JOURNALISM.

It is told of Lord Mansfield that at the outset of his career at the bar he found himself handicapped by his reputation for "polite learning." His dry-as-dust brethren took no stock in his legal attainments. They did not see how a man could mix learning with law and be a good lawyer, and so they voted Mansfield "a wit." According to their way of thinking, a young man who frequented the society of Pope and the poets, supped at the "Grecian," and could turn an ode of Horace, was obviously incompetent to master the mysteries and subtleties of Glanville, Bracton, and Coke. It took many years for Mansfield to live down his early reputation. It was only after he had successfully met his plodding brethren on their own ground, and had won case after case, that Mansfield's splendid legal abilities were reluctantly admitted.

So with college men in journalism. Not a few of them have found themselves impeded in their early career by their reputation for scholarship. Many old-time publishers and editors who had worked their way from the plow or the blacksmith shop to the management of newspapers—I could mention several prominent names—held more or less openly the notion that a college education in one way or another unfitted a man for newspaper work. This curious notion once gained currency, and the "funny men" of the press found collegians good subjects for their pleasantry. According to these humorists the story of the college man's entrance into and exit from journalism might be told in four chapters, as follows:

CHAPTER I, JUNE.—It is commencement at Blank College. John Robinson is the valedictorian of his class. He delivers an eloquent oration on "The Power of the Modern Press."

Now, Robinson had made up his mind to become a great editor.

CHAPTER II, JULY.—Flushed with college success and full of confidence, he goes to New York to edit one of the great dailies. Armed with letters of introduction, but depending more upon his reputation as valedictorian, he sends a message to Mr. Dana, asking him to call at his hotel, as he wished to see him upon an important matter. Receiving no answer, the next day Robinson goes in person to deliver his message.

He is surprised to learn that Mr. Dana is in Russia or Siberia, and, after running the gauntlet of small boys and going throught a lot of red tape, he finally sees the managing editor, who listens a while to his tale of woe, and tells him to wait till Mr. Dana returns.

CHAPTER III, AUGUST.—Robinson is growing more moderate in his demands. He finds that editorial chairs are at a premium. He has tried at all the New York daily newspaper offices, and has failed to capture an editorship. He does not quite understand it.

"I must begin somewhere," he says; "I'll become a reporter. I know it is not the kind of journalistic work I am fitted for, but I will soon be an editor; besides, I may learn something about the practical and poorer side of newspaper work."

He applies for the position of reporter, but finds all the places filled.

CHAPTER IV, SEPTEMBER.—Robinson is be-

coming desperate. He must soon apply for remittances from home, as his little fund money is nearly gone.

He goes for the forty-eleventh time to the man called the "Sunday editor." That individual, to get rid of him, says: "You go hang yourself, and give us an article for next Sunday's *Balloon* on "The Sensations of a Man who has been Hanged."

And so poor Robinson, the valedictorian, is glad of the opportunity of entering into active journalism by hanging himself. Of course there is nothing in a college education that unfits a man for hanging himself successfully. Perhaps Robinson, after he has been fifteen or twenty years pouring his best brain-matter and energy into "copy," and then finds himself where he started, may wish that he had never recovered from his first hanging. At any rate, I have heard many a worn, gray-haired journalist passionately call himself a fool for having given the best years of his life without adequate reward.

Now, Robinson's manner of entering into newspaper work is not improbable. His experience is, in an exaggerated degree, the experience of others who have knocked in vain at editorial doors demanding admittance.

Meantime I wish to simply direct attention to the kind of journalism which has more or less transformed our press within the past decade. This new journalism, as it has been called, consists in frantic efforts to surprise, amuse, and startle readers. Many publishers and editors are possessed with a feverish desire for novelty and excitement. They do not care much for scholarship, wit, refinement, rhetoric, or even

grammar. The managing editor of an influential paper recently said to me: "I want a 'scoop' once a day, and a sensation once a week." And in the hunger and thirst for these "wants" the young graduate is expected to begin his journalistic career by writing on such topics as the sensations of a drowning man or the experiences of a reporter dressed as a Bowery tramp.

The number of college men in journalism is increasing fast year by year. Many young graduates who formerly would have taken up the study of law, medicine, or the ministry, now enter into newspaper work. There are several reasons for this change.

One reason is that journalism pays better at the outset than any of the professions. The law clerk is satisfied to begin at $5 a week, while the graduate of the law-school seldom receives more than $15 a week. Perhaps after he has had two or three years' experience the law clerk will command a salary of $20 a week, and there are well-educated and skillful lawyers in New York serving as clerks at a salary of $1,200 a year.

In truth, the young graduate of a law or medical school who starts in to build up a practice in New York or in any large city has a hard row to hoe. He must possess not only first-rate ability, but an extraordinary amount of pluck and patience in order to make even a bare living. If he has neither friends nor money, and, after hanging out his sign, settles down, waiting for clients or patients to come, in the majority of cases he must give up the fight and seek a more profitable calling.

It is somewhat different with the journalist.

He begins at once with a fair salary. In New York the reporter with little or no experience will receive $20 a week. Within a year he should be earning $30 a week, on "space" or salary. On some papers, if after a year's trial a man cannot make that amount, he is considered incompetent, and discharged. There are many reporters whose "space" earnings run from $40 to $50 a week. The salary of the city editor ranges from $60 to $75 a week; that of the managing editor from $100 to $150 a week, or from $5,000 to $7,500 a year. The salaries paid by New York newspapers are higher than those paid in any of the large cities —in either Chicago or Philadelphia.

Thus, the city journalist is playing for a high stake—nothing more or less than a $7,500 editorship. This is the tempting bait that hangs before the eyes of the young journalist; this is the prize that keeps many men in the newspaper ranks when they are ready and willing to drop out of line. The ambitious young men from Yale, Harvard, or Cornell who gather up the news of the day, and serve it up fresh and spicy and palatable every morning with breakfast; who are toiling when other men are asleep or at the theater; who are wearing out their brains and their nerves in grind and drudgery; who work so hard and unselfishly that furrows ridge their faces and their hairs turn gray before the proper time; who are devoted to their profession and ready to sacrifice themselves in order to further the interests of the paper with which they are connected—these young men are all buoyed with the hope of early promotion, and eventually of a comfortable seat in the editorial chair.

The crowding of college men into journalism began about fifteen years ago. Before that time the number of graduates on the metropolitan press was not one-half of what it is to-day. The New York *Tribune* and *Post* were called college men's papers, because of the unusual percentage of graduates on their staffs. The *Times* and *Sun* came next in the number of graduates. There was a sprinkling of college men among the other papers. In New England, and especially in Boston, the college journalist has long been in the ascendant. But in the Western States, and in Chicago, it is only of late years that college men have held the reins in newspaper offices.

In the newspaper field college men are not a distinctly marked class. They mingle with their fellows, and many of them are little known outside of the small circle of their own profession. Some may be known by the college reputation which still clings to them. One is recalled as a famous Yale oarsman of '84; another is known among Cornell men as an orator of the early 80's; a third distinguished himself in the Princeton football team ten or more years ago, and so on.

The success of college men in journalism is, perhaps, best proved by pointing to the positions which they occupy. As this is a general article, not dealing in personalities, it is not necessary to give names and places.

In January, 1894, Mr. Charles A. Dana delivered an address at Cornell on "The Making of a Newspaper Man." It is full of clever things, but it does not shed as much light on the subject as we should expect from the author. Mr. Dana does not offer much

encouragement to those who think a college education is not necessary in newspaper work, nor does he look for the making of a newspaper man outside of the newspaper office. The address closes with these six maxims, which, though hardly to the point, may be repeated here:

1. Never be in a hurry. 2. Hold fast to the Constitution. 3. Stand by the Stars and Stripes; above all, stand for liberty, whatever happens. 4. A word that is not spoken never does any mischief. 5. All the goodness of a good egg cannot make up for the badness of a bad egg. 6. If you find you have been wrong, don't fear to say so.

These maxims are all very well in their way, but observe that Mr. Dana is careful not to give the receipt for the making of a newspaper man. He may be best described as an "all-round man." He cannot be defined in a sentence or in an epigram.

Perhaps the true qualifications for the newspaper man, as Balzac defined them for a collector, are: "The time of an idler, the legs of a deer, and the patience of a Jew." There are three things that every college man should and must bring into journalism:

First. Love and devotion for newspaper work. The newspaper is a jealous mistress. She will brook no rival. She neglects those who neglect her.

Secondly. I should put the "nose for news." This is a kind of sixth sense. It is a natural-born gift. It cannot be acquired, but it can be cultivated. The man with a nose for news will scent a "story" where another man detects nothing—not even a suspicion of an odor.

Thirdly and lastly. There is the knack of writing readily, of thinking quickly, and of acting promptly. The newspaper man should have a crisp, lively, gossipy style. He should cultivate expression, together with a certain bold power and vividness in description. In brief like Swift and his broomstick, the newspaper man—the reporter—must write cleverly and entertainingly on any subject that comes to him.

It might be said, however, that a person with these Crichton-like gifts should be something more than a reporter. Not so. The man who is a reporter in the American sense of the word is known on the European press as a "correspondent." It is only a question of words without a difference.

Now, the reporter makes the American press what it is to-day. It is he who writes the paper. Every great newspaper in the United States is interesting or dull, good or bad, in proportion to the collective ability of the reporters on its staff, and in proportion to the dash, energy, and brains of the men at the "desk," who were once reporters themselves, who are valuable at the desk in proportion as they were valuable as reporters.

Probably the press was never so keen, bright, trenchant, lively, entertaining, fearless, and honest as the American newspapers are to-day. Certainly good newspaper writing was never so good as now. Every once in a while I come across passages in the daily press of real power and eloquence; descriptive stories that Addison, Steele, or even Charles Lamb might be willing to father as his own.

Just how much or how far a college education prepares a man for newspaper work is an

open question. Journalism in large cities has become a distinct and independent profession. This is the result of the evolution of the metropolitan press. In order to qualify for the other professions, as law or medicine, the student must undergo several years of study and an examination before he is allowed to practice. Why not in journalism? We note the establishment of "schools of journalism" by Cornell University and several other institutions; but it is doubtful if such schools will do more than to smooth the way for the beginner in journalism. With the young journalist, as with the young lawyer or young doctor, he must win his spurs, and must show his worth before his name is put on the list of eligibles.

The college man who enters a great newspaper office is bound to meet with all manner of disappointments. He is without preparation for this new kind of existence—a life of constant excitement. No busier place in the busiest city in the world can be found than the newspaper office at midnight. The man who has lived a rather secluded and easy-going life for four years at college suddenly finds himself thrown into Vanity Fair. He is in a social maelstrom—is in a whirl of events. He is "on the move" all the time—going from one place to another, taking wild and lonely rides to backwood settlements, visiting the scenes of mighty disasters, fires, and floods, following mysterious murder cases, taking trips across the continent at a minute's notice, interviewing all sorts and conditions of men and women at all times of the day and night—these and a hundred other things go to make up what is called the "news," and the reporter must write

it, so that hundreds of thousands of people may know (as the old Scotch minister used to say) what the Lord and devil are doing on earth.

The newspaper man puts the best that is in him in "copy." Besides meeting with rebuff, mean and petty treatment, and blame on the outside, he may feel a bit disappointed when he sees the "story," which cost him hours of steady, heavy toil, cut down by the blue pencil to a five-line "brief mention."

But the good newspaper man bides his time. Sooner or later his opportunity for a ten-strike will come. The happiest moment of a newspaper man's life is when he has just done a good piece of work. The next day he may be called into the private office of the managing editor, who simply says: "That was a good story, Mr. Jones. The *Balloon* appreciates your services." With this praise ringing in his ears the reporter leaves the office of his chief as content with himself—to borrow Balzac's view of Cousin Pons's self-satisfaction after obtaining a collector's bargain—as content with himself as a trader who has done a capital stroke of business, or a lover who has this moment left a boudoir.

The bane of newspaper work and life in large cities is uncertainty. Few men on the great daily papers have an assured position. The official life of almost every man on the staff hangs by a thread. The sword of Damocles, which is suspended in every newspaper office, is liable to cut that thread at any moment. The paper may change ownership, or a new editor takes charge. In either event the *personnel* of the staff soon changes. Thus the hard-working journalist, who has been a good

and faithful servant, suddenly receives notice that his services are no longer required. It is a brutal, killing way of conducting business. But, like the basil plant, the American newspaper flourishes wonderfully on murdered men's brains.

The older men in newspaper ranks, knowing of these facts and conditions, hesitate long before they will give much encouragement to the young graduate who wishes to enter the field. They can tell him of the severe strain, both mental and physical, that he must undergo; of the irregular life and habits that demoralize and of the many temptations that assail the beginner in journalism more than in any other kind of work. There are numbers of college men who are now wrecks by the wayside. They entered their newspaper careers full of spirit and ambition, but they allowed themselves to be led away into bad habits and a bohemian manner of living.

On the whole, the influence of college men in journalism has been for good. It is at college, especially, that a man learns fair play, love of truth, honor, reputation, and fearlessness. It is there that he learns to despise deceit, cowardice, treachery, sordid motives, and mean or petty actions. The college man's "note," as the French say, is youth and high ideals. Hence, in those places, where the press is really under the control of college men, newspapers are strong and clean. The "new journalism," with its gift enterprises, chromos, and methods of cheap shop, will soon be old. Some day, in the good time coming, when the Socialistic *régime* is in full sway, all the positions on the state newspaper, from pressman to editor, will be filled only by college graduates. L. J. VANCE.

TO MYRTILLA.

When years have swept across thy fleckless brow
And left deep furrows in that field so fair—
When time has dimmed the eye that sparkles now
And silked with gray the meshes of thy hair,
And thou art bent with age and bowed with care,
Still—still, rare charmer, will I seek thy face
And find the same elusive glory there
That now amid its lineaments I trace:
For though old Time at last shall win the race
And lay us cold and voiceless at his feet,
He cannot force love from its resting-place
Until this throbbing pulse shall cease to beat,
For in my heart hath Cupid reared his throne
Nor will be vanquished save by Death alone.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT'S DECENNIAL.

The present June commencement completes the tenth year of the administration of Timothy Dwight as twelfth president of Yale University. By an interesting coincidence, it is a century since the grandfather of the present incumbent entered upon a similar line of duties. The parallel suggested by this fact might be extended to a considerable degree. A comparison of the services and characteristics of the two men would reveal many points in common, and the history of the institution under their guidance reveals a spirit strikingly the same. The tact for organization, and the business keenness, that characterized the grandson of Jonathan Edwards, who a century ago was called upon to preside over the destinies of the college, have been the marked traits of the administration now closing its first decade. As the first President Dwight entered upon his term of office at a period of storm and stress, so the year of the inauguration of the present official marked a crisis. It may seem peculiar to say that President Dwight has taken up the work where his grandfather left it off, and yet to a great extent this is true. The 69 intervening years were years of progress indeed, but the progress was along the lines laid down by the earlier president. The institution was still organized under the plans formulated by him; plans which none of his successors had seen the wisdom of extending. As the first President Dwight formed an inconsiderately organized school, and molded it into an American college, so the second found an inconsiderately organized

college and molded it into a university. In the last ten years the institution has spread in every direction: The number of students has increased twofold; the staff of instructors is twice what it was; new departments have been created; several fundamental ideas have been introduced; the courses in every department have been increased and strengthened; the idea of university education radically modified; the financial resources increased by over two millions, and the entire campus so changed to be absolutely a new land to the graduate of 1886. A parallel of such extended growth can only be found in the 22 years, from 1795 to 1817, of the administration of the first President Dwight.

The present incumbent had hardly been inaugurated when he began to advocate the most radical change of the century. For many years Yale had been a somewhat nondescript institution. The name of Yale College was rather loosely applied to the Academic Department and the various schools that had grown up about it, and with which it had a not absolutely defined connection. It was not a college, for it included several professional schools, and it was not a university, because there was no sufficient organization. An attempt had been made in 1870 by President Dwight, at that time a professor in the Divinity School, to mold the various departments into a single connection—but it had failed. During the term of President Porter the idea had been many times discussed, but it is well known that that scholar regarded it unfavorably. There was a prejudice against the plan, on the ground that it tended toward empty display, and that Yale

University would mean no more and have no greater influence than Yale College. It was the firm belief of President Dwight, however, that the new name would represent a reality; that the growth of professional and graduate schools during the present century was distinctly in the university direction, and that the whole would be much more manageable under the suggested reorganization. Acting under his advice, the corporation, therefore, voted to make the desired change in October, 1886. In March, 1887, the Legislature of the State of Connecticut unanimously passed an act giving to the institution its new name. This was first used in connection with the annual catalogue published in December, 1886. The president immediately began to enlarge the scope of his duties in connection with the increased importance of the institution. He believed that the head official should inform himself as to the workings and condition of each department, and, in so far as possible, personally supervise it. He began to attend the meetings of all the various faculties, and gave his close attention to their business relations. The treasurer of the college, Henry C. Kingsley, died shortly after the inauguration of President Dwight, and the latter agreed to take upon himself the duties of that position until a successor could be appointed. He thus acted as treasurer for one year, during the course of which he gained an intimate knowledge of university affairs that has since been highly serviceable. The painstaking supervision of the entire university, which he had promised himself, bore its first-fruit in 1887, in the report which he submitted to the corporation.

Strange as it may seem, he was the first president of Yale ever to prepare a document of this kind. For years there had been a peculiar publication called the annual statement of the Executive Committee of the Alumni. It was utterly inadequate, poorly compiled, and often ludicrous and undignified. By his change President Dwight tacitly took upon himself the responsibility of the management of every department, thus for the first time giving the institution a supervising executive. Another step along the same line was the revision to which he submitted the university catalogue. This had been a more puzzling publication than the annual statement, and was in no way an appreciative representation of what Yale really signified. According to the new plan, the aims of the institution were clearly stated, and the courses logically arranged and definitely described. Both the President's report and the university catalogue have remained practically the same up to the present time.

It was in other ways than these, however, that the university idea received a proper extension. Changes have been made from time to time with this cardinal point in view, and a complete amalgamation has not yet been attained. It is indicative of the careless organization of the institution up to 1886 that though there was no university, there were yet university professorships and university funds. There were three professorship funds: the Salter and the chairs of Botany and Sanskrit. The university funds at this time amounted to $494,868.69. These were soon increased by generous benefactions until they

now amount to $1,295,183.02. There were in 1886 no university fellowships; but in 1891 five fellowships, yielding $400 each, and twenty scholarships, yielding $100 each, were established. These were of course assigned to students in the graduate department, which is the most natural and most complete manifestation of the university idea. This section of the college descended in a somewhat undefined shape, as a heritage of the "fourth department," created in 1847 under the direction of Professor Silliman and Professor Norton. It was mainly scientific in its purposes, though several literary branches were added as time went on. In 1860 a portion of it became the Sheffield Scientific School, and the rest was carried loosely under the designation of the Department of Graduate Instruction. During the administration of President Dwight this feature of university life has been receiving the attention its importance demands. It was seen that here was a general field for that broader and more scholarly kind of work essential to the new position of the institution. In 1886 there were 56 students pursuing graduate work under the direction of 56 instructors. The larger part of the time of the teachers was necessarily taken up in undergraduate work, and their spare moments only could be given to the more mature students. This state of affairs has been largely improved, and during the past ten years there have been a few professors who have been unable to give most of their attention to graduates. The ultimate idea is, of course, to have instructors all of whose time shall be engaged in this way. The number of graduate students is more than three

times what it was in 1886, there now being 176 enrolled, and the staff of teachers has increased to 96, nearly double the corps of 1886. The graduate department, unlike the others, gathers the professors of the whole university together, and the list of courses presents a strong contrast to those offered in 1886. There are now 270 offered, organized in ten departments, as follows: (1) Psychology, Ethics, and Philosophy, 27; (2) Political and Social Science and History, 39; (3) Oriental Languages and Biblical Literature, 30; (4) Classical Philology, 51; (5) Modern Language and Literature, 42; (6) Natural and Physical Science, 42; (7) Pure and Applied Mathematics, 27; (8) Fine Arts, 4; (9) Music, 7; (10) Physical Culture, 1. The present organization of the department took place in 1891, and is in accordance with the plans formed by a committee appointed at that time. The plan comprised the creation, from the university funds, of the 5 fellowships and 20 scholarships referred to above and the appointment of a dean who should have the executive management of the department. This office was filled for three years by Professor Hadley, who was succeeded in 1895 by Professor Phillips. The success of the graduate department for the past few years has been marked, the greatest progress having been in the lines of philosophy, political science, modern languages, and literature. The methods of study have been emphatically along university lines; the work of the students is in a large measure original, and the influence of the instructors has been mainly of a directing kind. This fact is particularly emphasized by the large number of clubs for the purposes of

investigation and discussion that have sprung up on all sides. There is hardly a branch of scholarly activity that is now not represented in an organization of this kind; and their existence has been highly successful and beneficial. Each of the clubs has a nucleus of a private library, and several have succeeded in establishing permanent headquarters. The classical club has a collection of over a thousand volumes, and is to have finely equipped rooms in the top story of the Phelps Memorial Gateway, now nearing completion. Another radical step comprised in the plan of 1891 was the admittance of candidates to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy without distinction of sex. This was a movement in the university direction that could never have appealed to the conservative spirits of President Porter's regime. At the time the new idea was made public it attracted wide interest and some apprehension. The years that have since elapsed, however, have quieted any uneasiness that Yale was tending in the direction of co-education. The experiment would seem to have proved a success, at least if a creditable showing on the part of woman students were the prime consideration. Up to this time 106, including 23 at present enrolled, have availed themselves of the privilege, of whom 11 have taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The most creditable work would seem to have been done by the women students in the department of English Language and Literature, largely under the direction of Professor Cook. The connection of these women with Yale has been primarily of a scholarly nature; they play no part in its social life, and hardly come into connection

with the undergraduate body. It was this that was intended by the authorities, and any overstepping of the limitations has been zealously guarded against. It was intended that they should become members of the university, but that they should have no affiliations with the college.

The institution of the university necessarily gave an added importance to the library. That this should be the center of university life, the president has emphasized from the first, and the ten years of his administration have been years of pronounced growth. For a genuine university it was deemed that this should have a more important significance than the lecture or recitation room, and this fact has been emphasized particularly by the officers of the graduate department. So far as possible, students are encouraged to throw off the bonds of authority; to make their own researches and form their own conclusions. The large number of valuable theses that have been produced of late years are encouraging indications of the future. It is the habit to take a somewhat pessimistic view of the Yale library today, particularly since the disposition of the Phelps fund to the building of the gateway, for which it was originally designed. There is no question that the library is still woefully inadequate, but a comparison with the institution of 1886 will show that it has been constantly improving. Ten years ago the library fund amounted to but $56,206.99; the last report of the treasurer, in 1895, showed that it had increased to $111,297.33. The number of volumes in 1886, was 130,000 in the main library, and 30,000 in Linonia and Brothers,

making a total of 160,000. To-day the large library contains 165,000 volumes and Brothers 30,000; a total of 195,000. In addition to these, there is a large number of unbound pamphlets and manuscripts. The department has received many valuable bequests both in money and books; Professor Lounsbury has succeeded in building up a splendid collection of volumes of eighteenth century literature, and a few years ago the library was enriched by the gift of the extensive collection of publications and manuscripts on early Congregational history and polity of the Rev. Henry M. Dexter. The most important gift of all, however, was that of the library building itself, from Simeon B. Chittenden. This was erected at a cost of $125,000, and dedicated June 23, 1890. It is an imposing fire-proof structure and promises to be a safe repository for the university collections for many years to come. The large wing elegantly furnished as a reading and reference room has become indispensable to the students. It is thought that Yale has the foundation of one of the most extensive libraries in the world; it is increasing at the rate of 5,000 volumes a year and elaborate plans for its future are being formed. It is intended to demolish the old building erected in 1869, which, though architecturally pleasing, has not proved serviceable for the purposes for which it was designed. At the present time the needs of the library, which are imperative, are being agitated. It is thought that a crisis is approaching, and that the university will be unable to make a satisfactory progress in the future unless something is immediately done. Its income is wretchedly small and its greatest

need is for ready money. Professor Lounsbury, who has been a hard worker for the library and who has an intimate knowledge of its present status, affirms that half a million dollars must be raised at once.

The other two university institutions, the Peabody Museum and the Observatory, have made a commendable progress during the past ten years. The latter received a valuable bequest on the death of Professor Loomis, in 1890, who left it his estate of $312,415.51. Under Dr. Elkin as astronomer, the observatory has made encouraging progress, and its future usefulness is assured. The radical step toward the university ideal yet to be mentioned is the change that has been made in the commencement exercises. These had remained practically as instituted over a century ago, and were of a distinctly amateurish order. It had long been apparent that the prize-speaking and valedictory and salutatory addresses were things that had been many years outgrown, but they had been suffered to go on without change up to a year ago. They had become distasteful to the student body itself, which to a large extent, would not deign to be present except at the beginning and end. Furthermore, it was merely the college that was represented. It was manifestly improper to have the university ignored on such an important occasion, and about two years ago the president and a committee from the faculty began to draw up a new plan. It was designed to make the commencement exercises a university affair, and the first step in this direction was the abolition of the speaking and farewell addresses. The program was practically limited to the conferring

of degrees, all the candidates being presented to the president, and their claims for the prospective honor being set forth by one of their instructors. All the university degrees were to be conferred at this time. The announcements of prizes and fellowships were also to be made, and an address to the graduates by the president to follow. The change was inaugurated last June and was a marked success. One of the features of the occasion was the singing of the ode, for which Professor Parker had furnished the music and Edmund Clarence Stedman the words. Another indication of the changed ideal of the university was the fact that the president for the first time in the history of Yale dropped the venerated *pro auctoritate mihi commissa* and delivered himself in the simplicity of his native tongue. In this connection it may also be noted that for the first time the triennial catalogue of the university was printed in English in 1892.

It will be seen from the above that the change from Yale College to Yale University was more than a nominal one. It was a change in the conception of the institution and in the predominating spirit of Yale life. The old departments, however, still remain, and their progress during the past decade has been in keeping with, and indeed contributory to, that of the university. The progress has been in every possible direction; in the increased number of students and professors, the enlargement of funds, the erection of new buildings, and the extension of courses. As in 1886, the academic department is the bone and sinew of the university, and about it the others cluster. It was thus fittingly given at the

time of the change the title of Yale College. Its membership has increased from 570 to 1,199; its instructors from 44 to 81; its funds from $989,435.46 to $1,548,856.38. In 1886 it paid its professors $93,892, and now it pays them $141,565.97. Ten years ago there were 44 fellowship and scholarship funds amounting to $361,542, and there are now 66, aggregating $649,825. A comparison of courses and instructors may be drawn from the following:

Junior and Senior Electives.	86.		1896.	
	Courses.	Instructors.	Courses.	Instructors.
I. Mental and Moral Science	8	3	18	6
II. Political Science and Law	8	4	6	6
III. History	11	5	10	5§
IV. Modern Languages	19	9	25	8
V. Ancient Languages and Linguistics	23	9	45	18
VI. Natural and physical Science	10	8	18	13
VII. Mathematics	13	5	12	8
VIII. English (V.)†	—*	—*	17	5
IX. The Fine Arts (VII.)†	—	—	4	3
X. Music	—	—	7	2
XI. Physical Culture	—	—	3	2
XII. Military Science	—	—	1	1
Total	92	43	166	77

* In 1886 included in the department of modern languages (5 courses).

† Numerals bracketed refer to the number of the department in 1896.

§ Several courses in history are also given in the department of ancient languages and linguistics.

It will be observed that in 1886 the Academical department was organized in seven departments and that now there are 12. There have been five new departments of study created: in English, the Fine Arts, Music, Physical Culture, and Military Science. The first is particularly significant, and is the development of the past few years. In 1886 the instruction in English Literature was decidedly meager, being confined to the work of one professor and two tutors. There was then that prejudice against the study of the polite arts as distinguished from those of greater dignity that still too extensively prevails. There was a prevalent idea that the reading of the imaginative works of English literature should be a recreation and not an occupation of studious hours. It was in the era of Aristotle and Newton, and not of Shakespeare and Milton. It was a difficult task to soften this harsh conception of a university culture, and it is a task not yet entirely performed. An example of this neglect was the fact that the corporation suffered Mr. Edward T. McLaughlin to struggle along for six years as an underpaid and unappreciated tutor. He was an able lieutenant, however, to Professor Beers, the head of the department, and by dint of hard work they succeeded in building up the courses and adding to the faculty. The work of the former was just beginning to show its fruit, and the tardy recognition of the corporation had hardly been gained, when he died in the summer of 1893. In 1889 Prof. A. S. Cook, whose published work had brought his name to the attention of the corporation, was called from the University of California and given a chair in English

Language and Literature. Dr. William Lyon Phelps was invited to be an instructor in 1892, and has taught four years with flattering success. In 1893 the department received a bequest from the late Judge Billings of $70,000 for the endowment of a professor's chair. The courses are more than what they were in 1886. The subject has been introduced into freshman and sophomore year, and though the lack of funds is embarrassing, there are many hopes entertained for the future.

The music department is one of the most interesting additions of recent years. The movement was started in 1888 by the Yale Alumni Association of Fairfield County, which at the time appointed a committee to consider the feasibility of the project. The matter was discussed at two meetings of the corporation and a plan drawn up calling for an endowment fund of at least $300,000, the erection of a building, the establishment of Professorships of Theory and Composition, Vocal Culture, Organ and Piano and Orchestral Instruments. The department was created, though not under so elaborate a plan as this, and Gustave Stoeckel elected Professor of Music. A voluntary class of 50 students was immediately formed. It was not until 1893, however, that the music department began to assume any serious proportions. At that time the degree of Bachelor of Music was established under the understanding that students were expected to be of the university order. Mrs. Ellen Battell Eldrige gave $20,000 in addition to a previous $20,000 for the establishment of a professorship of music. Professor Stoeckel resigned in 1894, and the corporation invited

Mr. Horatio W. Parker to be his successor and general director of the department. Mr. Parker accepted, the name of the chair being changed to that of the professorship of the theory of music. At the same time, Samuel S. Sanford was made Professor of Applied Music, and shortly afterward Mr. Isidor Troostwyk instructor in violin playing. Last fall the corporation bought the large building of the College-street Congregational Church, which was turned over to the music department. In addition to the regular courses in music, Professor Parker has organized the musicians of New Haven into a symphony orchestra, which gave a very successful series of concerts during the current year. It is intended to have this organization furnish the music for the future commencement exercises.

The Department of Physical Culture, under the direction of Dr. Anderson, is primarily intended to fit college men for positions as gymnastic instructors, for which there is a steady demand. The Department of Fine Arts, under the charge of Professor Weir, has assumed an increased importance during the past 10 years. In 1891 the degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts was established, and at the same time the courses were included among the junior and senior electors. The degree is given for a thesis and an original composition. During the past 10 years the school has received many valuable bequests of paintings and drawings. Its funds have increased from $98,166.95 to $107,575.57. In 1895 it received from Mrs. Jane Winchester the sum of $15,000 for the foundation of the William Wirt prize fellowships. There has recently been established a Professorship of Architecture.

The other departments in which the greatest increase is marked are those in philosophy, political science, and the modern languages. Though the classical department has extensively strengthened its list of courses and also still wields a powerful influence in college affairs, its importance in the eyes of the undergraduate body is every day decreasing. This may be partly explained by the fact that so much Latin and Greek is required in the first two years of the course, but perhaps more especially to the changed idea of an educated man that is gaining vogue at Yale. In this connection the constantly increasing interest in such live subjects as political science, history, and English literature is noteworthy. The attention is gradually being drawn from the past to the present; and the somewhat mediæval standard that obtained a few years ago is receiving radical modifications. It all naturally tends toward the more complete extension of the elective system, which has gained several points in the past decade. The sophomores, for example, are now given a choice of six subjects, from which they are permitted to select five. The six hours per week which juniors were obliged to take has been cut down to three, the old required subjects of physics and astronomy being relegated to the elective courses. Seniors are now obliged to take only a single course in philosophy, occupying two hours. That there is a strong feeling for an entire elective system is undeniable, and it is generally conceded that the time of its adoption is not far distant.

Perhaps the most significant evidence of the progress of the college is the changed appear-

ance of the campus. In 1886 the idea of the quadrangle had received little advancement, while now it is an accomplished fact. The only dormitories outside of the old brick row were Farnam and Durfee, though Lawrence was in progress of erection. The brick row was standing entire and its demolition was one of the accomplishments of the very distant future. The ground now occupied by Osborn Hall, Welch, and the Phelps Gateway was the campus proper, and the fence was at the height of its glory. Since then the original quadrangle has been completed, and two new squares with the same ultimate project encroached upon. Ten new buildings, exclusive of those devoted to secret society purposes, have been erected upon the Academic grounds, at an approximate cost of $1,754,000. The list is as follows: Lawrence (1886), $50,000; Dwight Hall (1886), $80,000*; Kent Laboratory (1886), $75,000; Osborn Hall (1889) $180,000; Chittenden Library (1890), $125,000; Welch Hall (1892), $125,000; White Hall (1894), $165,000; Berkeley (1894), $54,000; Vanderbilt (1894), $800,000*; Phelps Gateway (1896), $120,000. An addition has also been made to the Battell Chapel at a cost of $23,000. The gymnasium which, though a university building, is principally made use of by undergraduates, was completed in 1892 at a cost of $225,000, contributed by alumni; and the infirmary, which comes under the same designation, was finished in 1892 at a cost of $38,000. The Whitman Gates were recently erected at a cost of $3,500. This gives an ag-

*The generally accepted estimate. The actual amount has never been made public.

gregate of $2,020,500 in new buildings devoted primarily to the academic department during the past 10 years. A new quadrangle has been begun with the erection of White and Berkeley on the block bounded by High, Wall, College, and Elm streets. The college has also commenced work on a new dormitory on York street, the expense of which will probably be borne by the college funds. As these new buildings have been erected, several of the old landmarks have been torn down. The low one-story structure which had done service in several capacities from a college commons to a laboratory, was razed in 1888, and the reading room suffered a similar fate in 1890. The erection of Vanderbilt required the destruction of the Athenæum and South, and a year later North Middle was removed. The plan next summer is to tear down Lyceum and probably the old Chapel, and this will leave North and South Middle as the only two remnants of the brick row. As radical as any of the changes was the removal of the Old Fence in 1889 to give place to the erection of Osborn Hall. All these alterations have not been made without protest, but the president has been strong in his convictions, and has eagerly looked forward to the time when the college campus would be entirely free from the old buildings. It is hoped that Yale will ultimately be able to house all her undergraduates, though at the present time there is accommodation for little more than half. In 1886, 450 students were provided with rooms by the college; there are now 725. The increase is not so large as would at first be supposed, owing to the fact that several dormitories have been removed.

The other departments of the University have proportionately advanced. The Sheffield Scientific School in 1885 furnished instruction to 279 students; there are now 584. Its funds, which 10 years ago amounted to $160,827.83, are now $247,359.26. There are now 59 instructors, drawing salaries to the amount of $92,095.60, against the 30 of 1886, who were paid $58,818.00. In the large number of bequests during the past 10 years the Scientific School has not been forgotten. It was bequeathed in 1890 $100,000 from the Fayerweather estate, $20,000 in 1891 from ex-Governor English for a chair in mathematics, and in 1889 it acquired the property on Hillhouse avenue and Grove street, including the Sheffield mansion, valued at $170,000. This includes a lot about one-third the size of the college campus, which will eventually be turned to a similar use. In 1886 the Scientific School had but two buildings, both inadequate. In 1889 Mrs. Jane E. Winchester furnished $130,000 for the Civil and Mechanical Engineering Building, and in 1894 the Chemical Laboratory was erected, at a cost of $71,000. The requirements for admission have been increased by the addition of the History of England, Botany, French or German, three books of the Æneid, and English Literature. The Law School has risen from a position of comparative obscurity to an institution of generally recognized excellence. Its membership in 1886 comprised 79 students, which has increased to 224. A decade ago there were 16 instructors, paid in the aggregate $6,761.21, against the 40, at a salary-list of $18,614.10 of the present time. The funds have increased from $11,600

to $74,315,35. In 1893 the course was lengthened from two to three years. In 1894 the department erected the first wing of its new building, at a cost of $64,000. In 1886 the Medical School was in an almost hopeless condition. There were but 27 pupils in attendance, and the faculty numbered 21. Its funds aggregated $37,238.91. There are now 125 students enrolled, 30 professors, and the funds have been increased to $45,023.35. In 1891 the room in the basement of the dispensary was fitted up for a course in practical pharmacy, and in 1892 the old building was extensively repaired. In 1893 the new laboratory was completed, at a cost of $35,000. The Divinity School has received many valuable bequests during the past 10 years. Its funds have increased from $413,585.49 to $631,153.98.

A summary of the foregoing would give the following results: the students of the university have increased from 1,134 to 2,415; the instructors from 121 to 233; the funds from (in round numbers) $2,200,000 to $4,300,000. Gifts in the various departments have in ten years amounted to over $3,000,000. There have been 19 new buildings erected, at a cost of $2,300,000; most of this amount has been by gift. The scholarship funds in 1886 numbered 76, amounting to $435,913; at the present time there are 104, amounting to $848,592. The professorship endowments have increased from $640.000 to $860,000. Three new university departments have been created: of the Fine Arts, of Music, and the Graduate Department. The following table gives the numerical growth in detail:

DEPARTMENTS.	STUDENTS.		INSTRUCTORS.	
	1886.	1896.	1886.	1896.
Graduates	56	176	56	96
Academical	570	1,190	44	81
Scientific	279	584	30	59
Art	44	46	7	8
Divinity	108	105	15	14
Medical	27	125	21	30
Law	79	224	16	40
Total	1,134	2,415	121	233

It will be observed that there are more students at present in the academic department than there were in the whole university ten years ago.

BURTON J. HENDRICK.

THE LILIES TOIL NOT.

The lilies toil not, neither do they spin,
Nor into barns their harvests gather in,
  Yet grow in grace and beauty, tall and white,
And all unspotted with the taint of sin;

While man, creation's final flower, must toil,
To wring a scanty store from sullen soil,
  And ever stand at guard, with weapon drawn,
The blows of the arch enemy to foil;

And if it hap that some unlooked-for dream
Should light life's grayness with its golden gleam,
  The spinsters grim, who wear Fate's tangled web,
Break off the pattern with some sorry seam.

Hath man, then, aught save toil and strife each day?
A little brightness, snatched along the way,
  A little tarrying with friends, before
Asraël comes, and they are gone for aye;

A hand held out, perchance, for others' aid,
A heart and mind too stout to be dismayed,
  E'en when his dreams are shattered, and withal
Neither of life nor death too much afraid,—

So these be his, little he need ask more,
Save strength for work, until the work be o'er,
  Until the task be done, then passage swift
To some far distant, dimly hoped-for shore,

Where, at the last, with clearer, stonger mind,
Above earth's clouds, the weary one may find
  Some structure fair, upon foundations laid,
In present toil, to which he now is blind.

HOWARD THAYER KINGSBURY.

DOWN THE THAMES FROM OXFORD TO MOULSFORD.

A favorite summer outing, and one that grows in popularity year by year among Londoners and university men, is the trip down the Thames from Oxford to London. After making up the party, a boat is hired from the "waterman" of the Oxford University Boat Club, or from one of the boatbuilders on the river. A party usually numbers three or five, and the boats generally used are clinker-built, half-outrigged, pair-oars or four-oars. Occasionally a party of four occupies a boat, and then one of them sits in the middle of the boat and handles a pair of sculls, two others row an oar each, while the fourth steers. This arrangement is called "randan," and is, so far as I know, peculiar to the Thames. Frequently, of course, much larger boats are employed, especially when ladies are of the party, and it is proposed to camp by night on the banks of the river. *Then* a tent and cooking utensils are carried, and the party must be prepared to put up with the discomforts and inconveniences so amusingly described in Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat." The usual plan, however, is to stop at riverside hotels or inns, the proprietors of which lay themselves out especially to accommodate boating-parties and to cater to their comforts.

If the party consists of Londoners paying their first visit to Oxford, they probably arrive there a day or two before the date fixed for their start down the river, and occupy themselves in looking over the various colleges,

chapels and libraries of the university. But weeks or months, and not days, are necessary for any proper appreciation of the glorious old structures and almost innumerable charms of the great university.

On a lovely summer's morning early in June after an excellent breakfast at "The Mitre" we stepped into our boat just below Folly Bridge, and, gliding rapidly down-stream past Christ Church meadows, the college barges, the mouth of the tributary Cherwell, and "The Willows," we entered the narrow part of the river known by the not very euphonious name of "The Gut." Soon Iffley lock and mill are reached. Iffley is a pretty little village on the left bank of the river, and is remarkable chiefly for its church, which is one of the most perfect specimens of Norman ecclesiastical architecture in England. A very good view of the sturdy square Norman tower is obtained from the river just after getting out of the lock. A board on the bank of the river informs us that the distance by river to London is 110 1-2 miles; the distance by road from Oxford to London is rather less than half this, viz., 54 miles. We soon pass under an ugly iron railway bridge, and not long afterward reach Kennington Island, a favorite resort of under-graduates during term-time, for on the island is a pretty inn, where a famous brew of cider-cup can be obtained, and a game of quoits played upon the green. On a board at the landing-place are inscribed the appropriate words:

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting, guest."

But Kennington is so familiar to us from repeated landings upon its hospitable shore

that we hurry on without stopping. Just here is a sharp corner which is rather troublesome for an eight-oared boat to round, but our broad-beamed craft experiences no difficulty. On our right a branch of the river turns off over a weir, or "lasher," as it is termed on the Thames. Into the boiling waters beneath the "lasher" bold swimmers sometimes plunge, taking headers off the base of a stone column placed to commemorate the drowning of some young university men. A little farther on is Lanford lock, the banks near which are thickly lined with reeds and rushes, right into which I one evening steered the Brasenose "eight," fortunately without doing any harm to the boat. The purple "flag" flower, which is one of the beauties of the Thames, grows most luxuriantly about Lanford. Lanford lock is a deep one, and, as the water is let out through the lower flood-gates, we descend into a green, dank, slimy-sided cavern, from which we are glad to emerge into the open sun-lit stream below. At Sanford there is a riverside inn, a favorite haunt of students, but we have so often visited this on summer afternoons that we do not land now.

About a mile to the east from the river at this point is Littlemore, the village of which the Rev. John Henry Newman, then a clergyman of the Anglican Church, but destined to become a cardinal of the Roman Church, was rector, and where he passed through the terrible mental and spiritual struggle which resulted in his leaving the newer church, and taking refuge in the bosom of the older one. On the right bank of the river, but not within sight, is St. Peter's College, Radley, a small

but highly fashionable modern public school, the boys of which send an excellent eight-oared crew to Henley Regatta every year to try for the Public Schools' Cup.

Nearly opposite to Radley is Nuneham, the seat of the Harcourts. Nuneham Park runs along the river for about two miles, and a splendid grove of dark trees is Nuneham Wood. The river parts near Nuneham into two streams round an island, which is joined to the mainland by a picturesque wooden bridge. During the summer, and especially during "Commemoration week," when Oxford is full of the "sisters, cousins, and aunts" of the undergraduates, Nuneham Park is the scene of many jolly boating and picnicking parties. Our stop for luncheon is made at Abingdon, a town of considerable size, and one of the few towns along the Thames that come down quite close to the river's edge. We are now eight miles from Oxford. The fields round Abingdon are rich in wild-flowers, among which we notice especially the daisy, the blue-bell, and the marguerite. Abingdon is an old town, and at the time of the compilation of Doomsday Book by William the Conqueror was the seat of a rich abbey, and possessed also an extensive cloth trade. But in 1538 the abbey was abolished and its revenues diverted. The town was incorporated in the reign of Queen Mary, and up to 1885 returned a member to Parliament, but the Redistribution of Seats Act took away its representative and merged it into one of the divisions of the county. Some interesting remains of the old abbey are still to be seen, and there are two fine churches, St. Nicholas' and St. Helen's. The latter church has a fine spire,

which is a landmark to all the country round; it also contains some curious monuments, brasses, and inscriptions. A good grammar school founded in 1563 still exists; it possesses five scholarships tenable at Pembroke College, Oxford, which entitle the holders to rooms rent free in the college, and to an allowance of $250 a year for five years.

Two miles below Abingdon is Culham, where we pass through another lock. About three miles farther down we reach Clifton Hampden, distant from Nuneham Bridge about two and one-half miles if we walk across Nuneham Park, but the river makes so great a détour that we have rowed eight miles to reach it. A few more miles of rowing and towing along the bank bring us to Day's Lock, not far from which is Dorchester, where is a famous abbey church, remarkable enough to merit a whole article to itself. Indeed, an entire book, copiously adorned with illustrations, *has* been devoted to a consideration of its beauties. On the right bank is Wittenham Wood, after passing which we reach Shillingford Bridge, having accomplished 19 miles since starting, and having two miles to row before we get to our stoppingp-lace for the night, Wallingford. It is growing dark by the time that we reach Wallingford, so we make for the landing-stage, tie the boat up, and hand it over to the care of a boatman. We ourselves proceed up the High street to our hotel, The George, and order supper and rooms for the night. The George is a picturesque inn, with an antique air, and a quaint courtyard, into which coaches used to drive under an archway. The ceilings of the rooms are low, and show the massive beams

which support them. After a comfortable supper enjoyed with hearty appetites, we smoke, chat, and regale ourselves with "shandy-gaff." This over, we retire to our rooms to sleep "the sleep of the just."

Wallingford is a very interesting old town, and of such antiquity that traces of Roman fortifications are still to be seen there. Its castle was a strong one, and played a considerable part in the struggles which were so common in the days of the barons. In 1646 the Parliamentary General Fairfax besieged it, and, after a stubborn resistance, took it. In the council-chamber of the Town Hall is a portrait of Archbishop Laud, said to be the work of the great painter Holbein. But the most interesting thing, especially to young barristers or members of one of the Inns of Court (as two of our party were), is the monument to Sir William Blackstone, the famous legal writer. This is in St. Peter's Church, the ugly tower of which is said to have been designed by the great lawyer himself, who in this was guilty of the same fault as the cobbler who went "beyond his last." The monument bears the following inscription:

H S S
KYRIE ELEISON.
Sir William Blackstone, Knt.,
One of the Judges of Her Majesty's Superior
Courts at Westminster, who was born
A. D. 1724, and died 24 Feb., 1780.

An old inn at Wallingford, called The Row Barge, is remarkable from the fact that its sign was painted by no less a man than a Royal Academician, Mr. G. D. Leslie.

From Wallingford down to Moulsford there

is a splendid stretch of water with only a single bend in it. This forms such an excellent course for racing-boats that the annual contest between the two Oxford "trial eights," preparatory to the interuniversity contest at London in the following year, is held on these waters. Over this course in 1874 I steered the trial eight stroked by J. P. Way, of the Brasenose College eight, who afterward rowed stroke of the University eight in two successive years, losing one of the races and winning the other. He is now an ordained clergyman, and head-master of a grammar school at Warwick, for besides being one of the most finished oarsmen I ever saw, he was a good scholar, and took first-class honors in Greek and Latin literature: or, as Oxford University slang expresses it, "a first in classical mods," mods being abbreviated from moderations, the name of the University examination in pure Greek and Latin scholarship.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE DOORWAY OF THE ROSE.

Over the doorway of the rose
  Wandered a yellow-banded bee.
    If the lips of noon
    Were to hum a tune,
  They would hum that drowsy melody,
  That same low, resonant chant, that he
Sang there in the sweetest flower that blows.

Fast asleep lay the blushing rose,
  Lulled by the notes of that monotone.
    Even the dancing feet
    Of the zephyrs fleet
  Stood still at sound of that murmurous drone,
  That note next higher than silence, blown
Along the tubes where the honey flows.

Forth from the doorway of the rose
  Flashed the wings of the laden bee.
    Yet if you will
    You may hear him still.
  Never from Nature's harmony
  Is lost one chord that may well agree.
She does not forget the song she knows.

CURTIS MAY.

GIVING AWAY THE FENCE.

The old Fence at Yale is gone. In its place towers a mighty pile of hewn stone that has taken upon itself the likeness to a massive public building. Windows look out from it, and a roof covers it, but to the eyes of many an old graduate, as well as to the gaze of the more recent alumnus who knew the old elms and worn rails, it looks like a huge monster, type of a new age, which has crushed out with modern devices and progressive uneasiness the old ways and quiet conservatism which lent a restful charm to the old place.

Old South, shrinking back into its corroding shadow, disappeared, and never again will the sun, rising, look into those narrow east windows as it used to. There was a leveling influence exercised by these landmarks which the college must miss. Apart from sentimental love of those things which Time has made dear, there are traditions which are lapsing with the fall of the fence. It was from these old rails that these traditions were handed down and bequeathed from class to class. The giving away of that fence had come to be a custom, and every year, on the night of the senior-class supper, the sophomores about to enter upon their rights as juniors were wont, through one of their number, to surrender a certain section of the time-honored rails to the younger class, whose first year's residence at Yale had drawn to an end. This is still continued in form, but from a new and not time-hallowed rail. The program was for the seniors, who were dressed in most fantastic garb, preparatory to celebrat-

ing their last class supper, to march in a body, headed by a band, about the college campus, pausing before each of the old buildings and giving it a final cheer. As soon as they had performed this ceremony, they went to the fence and gave three times three for each class in turn. As soon as this was over, the selected sophomore, mounted upon the top rail, near the corner, would address the freshman class and bequeath them the sophomore fence. Many bits of good advice were mingled in among the torrent of good and bad jokes he would crack at their expense. Something after this fashion would the donor speak:

Gentlemen, of the freshman class, as I am the only man outside of the college faculty who has ever thus addressed you, I feel that even your applause is meet. In fact you yourselves have been meat for every one since your advent upon these classic shades, meat for us, meat for your instructors, and meat for the Harvard freshman nine. But let that pass, even a Harvard freshman cannot live by bread alone, and you have charitably furnished him the nitrogenous portion of his diet. I refrain from perpetrating upon you the chestnut of giving you the annual railing, not because the joke is not worth perennial existence, but because I fear you are too weak to bear it. I never saw such a falling off as yours—I do not mean from the fence, for some of us did that last year—but I mean a falling off in strength. When you came into this town some nine months since, you at once assumed complete ownership of it, and it was only by the merest good luck that we were informed of your arrival in time to secrete President Porter before you reached the campus, or we should have lost him too. But what do you own today? Nothing but a barren name and a memory. You had not been here a week before the college pastor interpolated into his morning prayer after "forgive us our sins" the words, "and the freshman class." You have been a sore trial to us, upon whom devolved your "licking into shape." No Madame Bruin ever per-

formed more arduous duties upon her cub than have we upon you, but you have melted away under it. You were too soft. It is an acknowledged fact that a freshman is green, but that each one of a class of 200 should be in himself an entire village green is more than the combined tears of a larger class than ours could ever salt down into reason. We rolled you in brine barrels at the freshman societies, poured sour ale over you at Mori's, we rubbed sand into you at Hamilton Park, and on the grammar school, and yet as we look at you now, we confess that we have hardly made an impression upon you. We have effected rather more by the force of our example than anything else. Those of you who came in copper-toed boots have pried off the protecting but disfiguring metal and blackened over the bare spot. The tippets you brought for winter wear, thank goodness, are still in your japanned carpet bags with your woolen mittens. Take them all home with you this summer. You will give them to your little brothers with an air of great condescension, as they "don't wear them at Yale." The wide-awake hats we were obliged to take from you shortly after your arrival that you might replace them with darbys. The little butterfly bow which buttoned under your chin with an elastic loop, the paper collar and the liver-pad-shaped false shirt front, in all of which you used to array yourselves Sundays at Bogtown when you went to evening meeting intending to see *her* home, you have discovered are not the thing, and they too are henceforth only a memory to you. But I see you blush for yourselves as you look back and realize the possibility of your decidedly *outré* appearance. A careful comparison would undoubtedly show that you have learned many things. You can make a noise—those of us who have heard you cheer will grant that without further demonstration. We would only beg to tell you one thing you always seem to forget, and that is that there should be but nine 'rahs in the Yale cheer. Don't be so over-generous; enough is as good as a feast, and after ten or eleven have been reached, hire some one to pull your strings. Another thing—don't, don't sing!! We have heard you attempting it, and we take this opportunity of assuring you of the utter futility of your efforts in that direction. Remem-

ber that the disposition of our College Glee Club is much like that of the mocking bird, and such sounds as those we have heard emanating from your throats will ruin their education.

But, joking aside, freshmen, it would ill become me to tender to you this fence without a word of welcome and a word of warning. In behalf of Yale men I extend to you a most hearty welcome; take your section of this old fence and with it a position of security in Yale's social structure. My word of warning shall be short. As you would not give up this fence without a struggle, so refuse to give up the traditions connected with it. Here you will meet many men. Regard them all. Measure them and mark that the Yale standard is a just one,—every man on his own merits. Never give up that principle. It is the one upon which Yale stands and must ever stand, and so must each of you. You will get nothing more nor less than justice here. See to it that your deserts may be great. Finally, remember that, while among ourselves we may argue questions of policy and take different sides, there is but one side to turn to all outsiders, and that is the Yale side,—there is but one college that is right, and that is Yale College,—there is but one heart that must throb for us all, beat high in our victories, sink with our defeats, yet will ever be steadfast in its allegiance, and that is the great Yale heart!

WALTER CAMP.

SONGS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The patriots of '76 beguiled with song many a weary march, many a cheerless camp in the campaign from Concord to Yorktown. Those were not particularly cheerful times, when so many of the men who sang the songs were ragged, cold, and often hungry. But they were never discouraged, and their voices never faltered as they uttered now a note of triumph on some victory, now one of determination to persevere, drawn out by defeat; again one of defiance in answer to some Tory diatribe, or one in grim ridicule of some of the pompous generals whom Lord North, in King George's name, sent across the ocean to "subdue the rebels," and who failed to carry out the contract.

Nor were the Royalists without their songs. They had some very clever versemakers, who mainly aired their opinions in *Rivington's Royal Gazette*, which flourished in New York during the British possession by reason of its venomous opposition to the American cause, but which died because of its record some time after the close of the war, despite a change in its title. It was in this paper that Major André's "Cow Chase" appeared, and it was in the same journal that most of the other songs of a like tone appeared.

The patriot songs and ballads were published in various ways. Many appeared in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, others in the few newspapers of the day; others were merely printed on slips and distributed, while some were written out and posted in conspicuous

places, to be copied or memorized and sung whenever the occasion might arise. Many of the best of these songs and ballads were anonymous, and many of them, too, have been lost.

As a matter of fact the songs of the Revolution really began a decade before the war for independence opened. They were provoked first by the Stamp Act in 1765, and never wholly ceased from that time on.

It was in 1765 that the famous "Liberty Tree" was christened in Boston, and thereafter it was used as a posting place for patriotic songs and broadsiders, and many a good one was pasted upon its rough bark until 1774, when the British Army took possession of Boston, when the majestic old elm which had been planted 160 years previous, was welled. But the old elm had its avengers. Other Liberty trees were consecrated in Charlestown, Lexington, and Roxbury, Mass.; also in Newport and Providence, R. I. One was also chosen in Charleston, S. C.

It was in defense of the "Liberty trees" that the chorus of songsters first broke out in full volume. The songs before had been scattering and fragmentary. The cleverest of the ballads drawn out by this event appears to have been that published in the *Pennsylvania Magazine* of July, 1775, and was written by Thomas Paine:

In a chariot of light from the regions of day
  The Goddess of Liberty came,
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
  And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
  Where millions and millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love
  The plant she named *Liberty Tree*.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourished and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the matrons around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinction they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was *Liberty Tree.*

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate,
Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they Old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought without getting a groat,
For the honors of *Liberty Tree.*

But hear, O ye swains, 'tis a tale most profane,
How all the tyrannical powers,
Kings, commons, and lords are meeting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours.
From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
Thro' the land let the sound of it flee;
Let the far and the near unite with a cheer
In defense of our *Liberty Tree.*

Of quite different character was a versified "Appeal to the Ladies" to help in the practical "boycott" that the people of Boston had placed on English goods. In this the ladies were called upon among other things to:

Throw aside your top-knots of pride,
Wear none but your own country's linen;
Of economy boast, let your pride be the most
To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

And as one, all agree, that you'll not married be
To such as will wear London factory,
But at first sight refuse, tell 'em such you will choose
And encourage our own manufactory.

These do without fear, and to all you'll appear
  Fair, charming, true, lovely, and clever;
Though the times remain darkish young men may be
    sparkish,
  And love you much stronger than ever.

This appeal was anonymous, and another anonymous song, which was called "The Pennsylvania Song," and which was sung by the troops to the tune of the Scotch song, "I Winna Any Lad but Sandy O'er the Lea," was popular at the opening of the Revolution, and for that matter all through it:

We are the troop that ne'er will stoop
  To wretched slavery,
Nor shall our seed, by our base deed,
  Despised vassals be.
Free born, we will bequeath to them
  Or we will bravely die;
Our greatest foe ere long shall know
  How much did Laudurch lie,
And all the world shall know
  Americans are free;
Nor slaves and cowards we will prove
  Great Britain soon shall see.

We'll not give up our birthright;
  Our foes shall find us men
As good as they in any shape,
  The British troops shall ken.
Huzza! brave boys, we'll beat them
  On any hostile plan;
For freedom, wives and children dear,
  The battle we'll maintain.

After the affair at Lexington and Concord a screed called "The Irishman's Epistle" appeared in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, dealing with them. It was exceedingly popular and was several times reprinted. In the concluding verses the author pokes fun at the British for

holding the Americans and their rusty fire-locks too cheaply. He says:

How came ye to think, now they due not know how,
To be after their fire-locks as smartly as you?
Why, you see now, my honies, 'tis nothing at all
But to pull at the trigger and pop goes the ball.

And now what have you got, with all your designing,
But a town without victuals to sit down and dine in;
And to look on the ground, like a parcel of noodles,
And sing how the Yankees have beaten the doodles.

Another ballad, which was sung with feeling by many a soldier, was the "Ballad of Nathan Hale." It is written in a strain different from those preceding it, but at the end the old note of defiance rings out as in the others. The ballad is quite lengthy, and these are the closing verses:

They took him, and bound him, and bore him away
Down the hill's grassy side, down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings in royal array,
His cause did deride, his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
As he trod the last stage, as he trod the last stage;
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe,
No fears for the brave, no fears for the brave.

During 1778 many ballads were written. That describing "The Battle of the Kegs" achieved perhaps the most enduring popularity. It was during this year that William Billings, of Boston, wrote a hymn that became a great favorite with the New England troops, who had

about then something of the same religious spirit that characterized Cromwell's Roundheads.

Here are some sample verses:

Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And slavery clank her galling chains
We fear them not; we trust to God—
New England's God forever reigns.

When God inspired us for the fight
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forced;
Their ships were shattered in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

The foe comes on with haughty stride;
Our troops advance with martial noise;
Their veterans flee before our youth,
And generals yield to beardless boys.

What grateful offering shall we bring?
What shall we render to the Lord?
Loud hallelujahs let us sing,
And praise His name in every chord.

Many spirited songs were published during 1779 on both sides. One of the cleverest pieces of verse on the patriot side was written by Philip Freneau, and was entitled "George the Third's Soliloquy." Here are some extracts from it:

Oh blast this Congress, blast each upstart State,
On whose commands ten thousand warriors wait.

. . . . . .

France aids them now; I play a desperate game;
And sunburnt Spain, they say, will do the same.
My armies vanquished and my heroes fled;
My people murmuring and my commerce dead.

. . . . . .

My name abhorred, my nation in disgrace,
What should I do in such a mournful case?

. . . . . .

Curs'd be the day when I first saw the sun ;
Curs'd be the hour when I this war begun ;
The fiends of darkness then inspired my mind,
And powers unfriendly to the human kind.
My future years I consecrate to woe,
For this great loss my soul in tears shall flow.

There was a wild outburst when first the treachery of Arnold became known, just as there was another of a different kind on the occasion of the surrender of Cornwallis. On Thanksgiving Day, 1783, the day appointed to give thanks for the coming of peace, the following hymn was composed, but for some reason was not published until later:

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

The Lord above in tender love
  Hath saved us from our foes.
Through Washington the thing is done,
  The war is at a close.

America has won the day,
  Through Washington, our chief ;
Come let's rejoice with heart and voice,
  And bid adieu to grief.

Now we have peace, and may increase
  In number, wealth, and arts,
If every one, like Washington,
  Will strive to do their parts.

Then let's agree, since we are free,
  All needless things to shun ;
And lay aside all pomp and pride,
  Like our great Washington.

. . . . . .

Then sure am I true liberty
  Of every sort will thrive ;
With one accord we'll praise the Lord,
  All glory to him give.

To whom all praise is always due,
For he is all in all;
George Washington, that noble one,
On His great name doth call.

And Congress, too, before they do
Acknowledge him supreme,
Come, let us all before him fall
And glorify his name.

Perhaps the most notable of the verses dealing with the disbanding of the Continental Army was the following sonnet written by Col. David Humphreys, "the soldier-poet of the Revolution":

Ye brave Columbian lads! a long farewell!
Well have ye fought for freedom—nobly done
Your martial task—the sword immortal won—
And Time's last records shall your triumphs tell.
Once friendship made their cup of suffering sweet—
The dregs how bitter, now those bands must part;
Ah, never, never, more on earth to meet;
Distilled from gall that inundates the heart;
What tears from heroes' eyes are seen to start!
Ye, too, farewell, who fell on fields of gore,
And chang'd tempestuous toil for rest serene;
Soon shall we join you on the peaceful shore,
(Though gulfs innumerable roll between),
Thither by death-tides borne, as ye full soon have been.

HENRY GRANVILLE.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The
JOURNAL
of an
EXCURSION
to the
UNITED STATES,
in the summer of
1794.

Embellished with
The Profile of General Washington
and an
Aqua-tinta View of the State House, at Philadelphia.

Under which elaborate title the press of J. Easton Salisbury, just a century ago, gave to the reading public the views of Mr. Wansey. "Henry Wansey, F.A.S., A Wiltshire Clothier," he signs himself, but his researches were not antiquarian. Instead of old stones he studied new bricks and wrote of modern politics in place of ancient manners. All to enlighten my countrymen (such is the gist of a long and flowery preface) to correct the false views engendered by Cooper's puffs oblique or "those jaundiced 'Letters on Emigration' of Mr. Kearsley's." And he prints on his title-page:

"Nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice. Business called him here, pleasure detained him long after business hours, now (he hopes) profit may result."

To-day we've grown past the caring for puffs, oblique or direct; even "jaundiced" opinions don't affect us seriously. And the type of Bul-

len or Jensen is fully as quaint and graceful as any last-century Salisbury printer's: an anticipated word at the page's end has long since ceased to be a pleasant novelty. He saw much that was out of the run of most travelers, and he talks rather humorously even if he doesn't always intend to. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner the other day lectured on Washington Irving, but were his pictures of a slave market in Battery Park, or a public boulevard in Canal street, any more surprising than his little yarn of last century ballot reform? For Mr. Wansey writes that he knew a New York matron who, for a whole "season," suffered social ostracism because it became known that she had instructed the foreman of her country place to advise the laborers to vote for a certain General Williams for senator of that district—

> It was universally reprobated as unconstitutional influence, and notice was taken of it in the public papers. And this same principle shows everywhere. In Connecticut, were a person to canvass, or come forward with pretensions of merit, it would at once do away all pretensions whatever. If a man deserving of election should appear solicitous it would create suspicions to his disadvantage.

Henry Wansey landed at Halifax. The voyage was unmarked by incident, and we are only told that his business companion, from The Hague, declared himself too "tamt seek" for cards or conversation. Wansey hurried on to Boston, where he put up at "The Bunch of Grapes in State-street" (*sic*), "kept by Colonel Colman"; and then, after a digression on American titles that suggests Dr. Holmes, he tells us something of his surroundings. "Eighteen thousand inhabitants; . . . horse- and foot-ways pitched alike with pebbles,

and but a row of posts and a narrow gutter for division; . . . a very awkward-looking railed inclosure on the housetops, for drying clothes; . . . forty hackney coaches; and for a quarter of a dollar you are carried to any part of town." Truly *tempora mutantur.*

In the forenoon Wansey sat gossiping with fellow-travelers—he was a past-master in the art of making friends—or he read the town's three papers, the *Columbian Centinel*, *Boston Gazette*, and *Mercury*, "published two or three times a week." Between 12 and 2 he would attend in State street ("the principal one, some twenty yards wide, leading down to the long-wharf"), where "the merchants meet as on 'change. It reminds one of Basingstoke." One evening there was a theater-party, and the orchestra attempted "Cadra," "but the gallery called loudly for 'Yankee Doodle,' which was rendered after some short opposition"—and this sounds a bit more natural.

He went over to Charlestown to call on Mr. Jedediah Mosse, "the famous editor of the first American Geographical Grammar, which has run through six editions in three years," and of course he went out to Cambridge.

> Here is Harvard College, an excellent institution, founded about the year 1650. It is well endowed, and supports 300 students. There are two large, handsome brick buildings separate from each other; a third has been taken down lately to be rebuilt. We returned to Boston over the new bridge, a most prodigious work for so infant a country; a work worthy the Roman Empire. This bridge, about a mile in length, and well lighted all the way, is built entirely of wood, and cost about £24,000. It marks the genius and spirit of the town.

Four days later he is off for New York,

starting at three of a May morning, "by coach at 4d. a mile and I am allowed 14 pounds luggage." Three days through the New England scenery, that in everything but signs of age recalls to him the old England he has left behind, and he arrived at New Haven. It was Sunday, so he very properly starts in on churches, and keeps us a long two pages before he gets to dinner at "a very good tavern."

We had on our table, mutton, veal, plenty of garden stuff, with cucumbers, a good salad, with cyder and brandy, for all which we paid only a half-dollar.

This sounds a good century before Mr. Moseley's hostelry.

In the afternoon he went over to Yale college,

which stands in the market place. It consists of two brick edifices, one hundred feet long, and three story high. It was founded in 1700; it was but in bad condition when I saw it: very dirty, particularly the library. The books were numerous, but very old and in bad condition; two large globes of Senex's, a large electrical apparatus, a good reflecting telescope, and a cabinet of curiosities with which I was much entertained. . . . But what most particularly struck me, was a snake with two distinct heads. I asked the librarian, whether this was not considered as a monster, a *lusus naturæ*? He assured me not, and, that in that neighborhood they had often been found alive. . . . I did not see Dr. Styles, the president; nor the students, as three months before the latter had all been dismissed to their respective homes, on account of the epidemic or putrid fever, which then raged in the town.

From New Haven to New York he traveled by the *Catherine* (packet), but has little to tell us till he walked into the Tontine "tavern and coffee-house"—

It is a handsome large brick building. You ascend six or eight steps under a portico, into a large public room, which is the Stock Exchange of New York,

where all bargains are made. Here are two books kept, as at Lloyd's, of every ship's arrival and clearing out. You can lodge and board there at a common table, and you pay 10 s. a day, whether you dine out or not.

A little later we find him installed in a private hotel down on the Battery. There were seven at table. Mrs. Loring, his hostess, and her two daughters, Mr. Genet, "the late French ambassador, and now on the eve of marriage with General Clinton's daughter"; Capt. Lindzey, of H. M. S. *Pearl*, and a Mr. Henry, of Connecticut, a brother clothier. From the windows they could look up the river and out into the harbor; not a stone-throw away was the governor's house (which explain's Genet's presence), and in easy walking distance was the residence of Mr. Jay, "where I thrice dined"—for Wansey takes good care to let us know he had letters to the best people in New York. The shops he thought little of ("no window display as with us"), and his only remark on Columbia College is that it was "a handsome edifice," adding, "the hospital and the work-house appear in the same style, and adjoin to it," even as they will do in Morningside Park.

What the Wiltshire clothier went in for was society and constant if mild dissipation. There were several boating parties, when the Misses Loring sang to their own accompaniments; the gentlemen went occasionally to the Belvedere ("an elegant tea-drinking house"), about two miles out of town, or to the Indian Queen, "another tea garden much frequented of the French. All wear the tricolour cockade and the Marsellaise is often sung." One evening in a

party of Mr. Jay's he went to see Mrs. Cowley's play, "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," with the farce of "Hob in a Well"—

The actors mostly from England; price of admittance to the boxes, one dollar. A very bad theatre; there is talk of a subscription for a new one. Mrs. Wrighten, who used to sing at Vauxhall twenty years ago, and was afterward an actress at Bristol, is one of their principals. Her voice is as shrill as ever.

Another time he breakfasted with General Gates, "quite the Uncle Toby; all his ideas and expressions are still military, yet always modest." And, to cap all, Gov. Clinton himself took him in his eight-oared barge to see the new fortifications on Governor's Island.

This lasted the best of a month, and it would probably have lasted even longer, but Congress would soon rise, and the sight-seer was anxious to reach the capitol "while the debate was still hot."

Princeton is visited *en route*:

A large and rather handsome uniform brick building, with two wings, one hundred and eighty feet long and fifty-four wide; an elegant cupola over the centre; it has, I think, twenty-five windows in front, and is four story high. There are at this time ninety-five scholars, and many of the most eminent men in Congress had their education here. Dr. Witherspoon, who went over from Scotland about thirty years ago, is the president; Dr. Minter is the professor. . . . One of the young collegians supped with us; his conversation was, to be sure, not of the classic kind, but much like one of our Oxonians: Bacchus and Venus were the only topics.

This is rather amusing. Bachus and Venus—wine, woman, and song—are they ever absent from student thought?

In Philadelphia he stopped at the City Tavern, "in South Second street." Like the

Tontine, it is a resort of merchants, and books were kept of the arrival and clearing of ships. But in spite of this there were drawbacks; "we could hardly get any attendance from the waiters, though we rang the bell incessantly," and, worse than all, the traveler met his "old tormentors, the bugs." So he registers at Oeller's.

Two days after his arrival he breakfasted with President Washington himself—"the noble and wise benefactor of the world! The advocate of human nature—the friend of two hemispheres!"

Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue, dry toast, bread and butter, etc., but no broiled fish. Miss Custis, her granddaughter, a very pleasing young lady of about sixteen, sat next to her, and her brother, George Washington Custis, about two years older than herself. There was but little appearance of form; one servant only attended, who had no livery; a silver urn for hot water was the only article of expense on the table. She appears something older than the President, though, I understand they were both born in the same year: short in stature, rather robust; very plain in her dress, wearing a very plain cap, with her gray hair closely turned up under it. She has routs or levees every Wednesday and Saturday during the sitting of Congress, but the Anti-Federalists object even to these, as tending to give a supereminency, and introductory to the paraphernalia of courts.

That same evening there was another play of Mrs. Cowley's to be seen, "Every One Has His Faults," with Mrs. Whitlock, sister to Mrs. Siddons, as the chief actress. Wansey was better pleased here than he had been either in Boston or New York—

It is an elegant and convenient theatre, as large as

Covent Garden; and, to judge from the dress and appearance of the company around me, and the actors and scenery, I should have thought I had still been in England. The ladies wore the small bonnets of the same fashion as those I saw when I left England; some of checkered straw, etc., some with their hair full dressed, without caps, as with us, and very few in the French style. The younger ladies with their hair flowing in ringlets on their shoulders; the gentlemen with round hats, their coats with high collars, and cut quite in the English fashion, and many in silk striped coats.

Dinners at Senator Wadsworth's; a visit to Bartram, the botanist; a meeting with "Taleyrand" at an assembly at Oeller's; some idle hours at Dobson's the bookseller, in South Second street; an evening at Grey's Gardens, ("a place of entertainment like Bagnigge Wells"); and then, at the close of June, the homeward journey began.

To-day we have Paul Bourget and "*Outre Mer*"; yesterday O'Rell and Kipling were with us; not so long ago it was Harriet Martineau and Trollope and Dickens. And yet along even such main-traveled roads there is some amusement to be found even in the company of a Wiltshire clothier of a hundred years ago.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

ADAMS'S LAW OF CIVILIZATION AND DECAY.*

Ever since the scientific world adopted unequivocally the theory that evolution in some form or other was at the bottom of all natural phenomena, philosophical historians have been engaged in trying to discover the laws of the evolution of civilization in the human race.

The problem is more complicated, in at least two ways, than an ordinary question of natural history. In the first place there is no authentic record of what has taken place in the world. To establish his deductions, the historian must first prove his facts, and this is often difficult and sometimes impossible. True, the record of human action is fuller than the geological record, for example, of natural changes, but what there is of the latter is at all events unbiased, whereas the historical record is often wofully distorted by the minds of those who have set it down. Again, the facts in question are very often the motives and states of mind of the persons under investigation, and the causal sequence to be determined is the origin of those states of mind and their results. What these people say of themselves is not to be trusted. Facts of this nature must be determined from collateral evidence, and we may expect them to differ in all degrees from the ostensible or express motives assigned by the actors themselves or by their recorders.

It happens therefore that historians often differ widely in their reports on the facts, and

* *The Law of Civilization and Decay: An Essay on History.* By Brooks Adams. Macmillan, 1895.

more widely still in their deductions, but it has seldom happened that two men who have undertaken to review history for the purpose of arriving at some general law have come out so far apart as have Mr. Benjamin Kidd and Mr. Brooks Adams.

Both purport to start from a purely scientific basis. Mr. Kidd "approaches the subject with an unbiased mind in the spirit of modern evolutionary science."* Mr. Adams says his theory "is based upon the accepted scientific principle that the law of force and energy is of universal application in nature, and that animal life is one of the outlets through which solar energy is dissipated" (p. vii). Both find that civilization goes through certain stages, and agree that the military stage is succeeded by one of economic competition, but when we come to their explanations of these changes in society we discover a most surprising difference of opinion. Mr. Kidd devotes his whole book to proving that the "motive force," the "cause which has produced the transformation," is "a fund of altruistic feeling" which is the "product of the religious system upon which our civilization is founded"†; Mr. Adams finds that they have their origin in the emotions of fear and greed.

I do not for a moment intend to put these two books on a par. I have already expressed my views on Mr. Kidd's work, to the effect that he could never have arrived at his conclusions except by confusing non-religious traits with religious, reasonable conduct with unreasonable, sacrifice with defeat, cause with

* *Social Evolution*, p. 21.
† *Ibid.*, p. 165.

effect, and by calling things generally by such names as occasion from time to time requires.* I pointed out, too, that Mr. Kidd's claim, to be considered scientific, was unfounded in that his argument was in reality based on purely teleological assumptions carefully disguised under a jargon of psuedo-scientific phrases. I have introduced him here for the sake of contrast, and in the hope that those who read his book and accepted his conclusions, as many did, will now review their opinions in the light of Mr. Adams's work, which will act, I believe, as an intellectual antidote for any fair-minded man who ingenuously feasted on Mr. Kidd.

The thread upon which Mr. Adams hangs the historical facts of his argument is that:

> Thought is one of the manifestations of human energy, and among the earlier and simpler phases of thought two stand conspicuous—Fear, and Greed. Fear, which by stimulating the imagination creates a belief in an invisible world, and ultimately develops a priesthood; and Greed, which dissipates energy in war and trade (Preface, p. vii).

The law which he proposes is as follows:

> Probably the velocity of the social movement of any community is proportionate to its energy and mass, and its centralization is proportionate to its velocity; therefore, as human movement is accelerated, societies centralize.

In the earlier stages of concentration, energy finds an outlet in fear, and the mental types produced are religious, military, and artistic. "As consolidation advances, fear yields to greed, and the economic organism tends to supersede the emotional and martial." Energy not expended in the struggle for life is stored up as wealth and is transferred from commu-

* Bachelor of Arts, May, 1895.

nity to community by conquest or competition, and, when the limit of martial energy is reached, the store of energy accumulated by conquest is dissipated in economic competition.

When surplus energy has accumulated in such bulk as to predominate over productive energy, it becomes the controlling social force. Thenceforward capital is autocratic, and energy vents itself through those organisms best fitted to give expression to the power of capital.

The economic type is propagated, the emotional decays. Finally, the velocity of society becomes so great that the waste cannot be made good.

In high stages of centralization, where unrestricted economic competition prevails, this loss of energy is manifested by a gradual dissipation of capital, which at last ends in a disintegration.

We have here a law of civilization expressed in terms of energy, velocity, and mass, but it is evident that these words are not used in their purely mechanical sense. What we mean by a law of civilization is a comprehensible series of causes and effects, that are, *mutatis mutandis*, the same in all cases. If there be any such law—if, in other words, the progress of civilization depends upon deep-seated causes from which no human being can escape, rather than upon incidental discoveries or the birth of gifted individuals—we shall be prepared to say that if Europe, for instance, were to start again at the middle of the eleventh century with a population of similar character but made up of different individuals, she would be obliged to run a course exhibiting substantially the same stages as those through which she has actually gone, though all the details of her history would necessarily be different. We should have no Godfrey de Bouillon, but we

should discover some imaginative leader of superstitious folk; we should find no Gregory, but we should come upon a time when the priestly power was superior to the power of the royal laiety; no Dandolo, yet an initiatory defiance of supernatural authority; no Henry VIII, but the ultimate spoliation of the church.

Suppose, then, we suppress individuals and strip the skeleton of European history to illustrate the law of civilization proposed by Mr. Adams. We have, at the point where history proper may be said to begin, a scattered population composed on the one hand of war-like husbandmen and more or less powerful robbers, all of the imaginative type, and on the other, a priesthood which, by the art of miracle, dominates the laity, through their belief in the supernatural, and so becomes completely master of the situation (pp. 1, 34, etc.). This decentralized condition must continue so long as no one man or band of men can conquer the rest, and no one can do this while each is able to defend himself successfully from attack. When, however, the mechanical arts have advanced so far that the attack is superior to the defense, centralization may begin (p. 55).

When centralization of a permanent kind has once set in, a change takes place in the mental attitude of men, or in the type of man that is produced. The military and imaginative type falls off and the economic type begins to thrive and is propagated (p. 95). The first form of the economic type of man is the owner of land; later come the manufacturer and the pure capitalist. In the mean time the priesthood has grown rich on payments made to

them for magic and for their general administration of human affairs through their power of dealing with supernatural agencies. The treasures they have accumulated are unprotected, save by their sacredness, and offer a rich prize to any one who dares to take them (ch. vi, ch. viii, p. 194).

But from the beginning, economics and skepticism have gone hand in hand (p. 153); and when this skepticism reaches a point at which men begin to doubt the wisdom of paying out good money for questionable magic, not only does the laity cut down payments for religion, but the central power, in a time of need, steps in, and under the pretext of reforming ecclesiastical abuses, seizes everything on which it can lay its hands (p. 144, p. 189). The priesthood, which up to this time has been supreme, now becomes subservient to capital; the secular government is the ostensible ruler, but the real power is in the hands of the owners of the land, who proceed to protect themselves by hiring the clergy on the one hand (p. 211) or armed men on the other to keep the masses in submission.

This stage lasts until money gives out or until capital finds its way into the hands of the manufacturer. A struggle follows between the latter and the owners of real estate (p. 283), which goes on until each wakes up to find that both are in the hands of the pure capitalist, who from that time on is the real master of mankind (p. 290). This is the last stage. At this point the priesthood is discarded, for the machinery of the law and of the police afford complete protection to capital (p. 292), which henceforth has full sway in the work of

sapping the energy of the wealth-producing portion of the community.

Mr. Adams does not attempt to illustrate his theory by any people earlier than the Romans. Nothing is said of the Assyrians, the Egyptians, or the Greeks. Evidently, the kind of first-hand evidence he is after would be scanty in those quarters, and besides this, those civilizations are imperfect in that they lack elements which play an important part in civilizations that more nearly approach theoretical completeness. His financial sketch of Rome is short and somewhat confusing, for the centuries merge into one another back and forth in such a way that one has difficulty at times in telling what period he is speaking about.

Mr. Adams has written a very interesting and entertaining book; moreover, he has produced a solid work of historical research: but he has done more than that—he has brought a great deal of intellect to bear on certain historical facts, and he has interpreted those facts in a way which, though it may disturb the orthodox, does undoubtedly present a large amount of hitherto unappreciated truth. He shows, in a word, that, stripped of mysticism, superstition, and romance, and measured by motives that we still find in the world, history presents a singular record of selfishness and cruelty founded on mercenary motives, and that many of the actions which we have been in the habit of attributing to respectable objects can be logically explained only as manifestations of the elementary emotions of fear and greed.

The chapter on "The Middle Age" and the brilliant chapter on the Crusades show the complete subserviency of the imaginative and super-

stitious laiety to the power of the priesthood, in the early stages of civilization,—the supremacy of "a sacred caste whose function it was to mediate between the visible and invisible world," and under whose guidance all human undertakings were carried on. These chapters are full of description and abound in illustrations and anecdotes, some new, and some familiar, but all of which will be read with a new interest for the novelty of the point of view from which they are presented.

In speaking, for instance, of the early Christians, he says: "But socialism was only a passing phase, and disappeared as the money value of the miracle rose and brought wealth to the Church" (p. 37). The slow rise of the House of Clairvaux, founded by St. Bernard, and which, in the twelfth century, became the most famous monastery in the world, he explains by showing that no miracle of importance occurred there for some time, and that, "In the Middle Ages, convents were little patronized, until, by some miracle, they had proved themselves worthy of hire." The failure of Richard Cœur de Lion to lay siege to Jerusalem, though he came almost to the walls of it, was due, it must be inferred, to the fact "that the power which controlled him held Jerusalem to be worthless. That power must have been capital. . . . Of the cross, which, fifty years before, had been prized above all the treasures of the East, not a word was said, nor does it appear that, after Hattin, either infidels or Christians attached a money value to it" (p. 101).

Coming down to the time of the Reformation, we are told that "There was no impatience with

dogmas, simply because they were incomprehensible," but that "Formulas of faith were resisted because they involved the payment of money, and foremost of these were masses and penances" (p. 153). "As a whole, the Reformation was eminently an economic phenomenon" (p. 153), by which was effected "the substitution of a mental condition for a money payment" (p. 151). "The commercial community," says Mr. Adams, "has always demanded cheap religion" (p. 186). "As the pressure of a contracting currency stimulated these men to action, the demand for cheap religion grew fiercer" (p. 157). "The moneyed class (in the sixteenth century) therefore proceeded step by step, and its first experiment was to suppress all fees to middlemen, whether priests or saints, by becoming their own intercessors with the Deity" (p. 150).

The next important step was to despoil the church. In the suppression of the Temple by Philip the Fair, "the object of the government," says Mr. Adams, in summing up the sham trials of the Knights Templar, "was plunder" (p. 144). As to the English counterpart of these measures, Mr. Adams says: "Within a few years the publication of the British archives has thrown a new and somber light on the Reformation. They seem to prove beyond a doubt that as Philip dealt with the Templars, so did Henry (VIII) deal with all the religious orders of his realm (p. 189)."

After the spoliation of the Church and the reduction of the clergy to "a salaried class, paid to inculcate obedience to the representative of an oligarchy which controlled the national revenue" (p. 211), Mr. Adams takes up

the extermination of the yeomen, the history of landed proprietors, the Spanish and Indian treasure hunts of England, the rise of the manufacturer, and finally the supremacy of the capitalist.

From the book, as a whole, we gather that modern history rejects the orthodox spinal column of ostensible kings, whose doings were to a large extent personal and socially immaterial, and adopts a new backbone for human affairs, in which the important vertebræ are: Henry Dandolo, "perhaps the most remarkable man Venice ever produced" (p. 102); Stephen Gardiner and Thomas Cranmer, "two of the most typical, as well as the ablest, Angelicans who ever lived" (p. 226); Sir Joshua Child, "who was perhaps the ablest merchant of the seventeenth century" (p. 240); Matthew Boulton, "one of the most remarkable of the race of producers, whose reign lasted down to Waterloo" (p. 261); Nathan Rothschild, of "commanding ability" (p. 268); Samuel Lloyd, "who was, perhaps, the greatest financier of modern times" (p. 277); perhaps Mr. Gurnee, possibly a Baring, and, I presume, though they are not mentioned, Mr. Morgan and Russell Sage.

An unbiased though selective attitude, enhanced by the trick, common among cultivated New Englanders, of speaking familiarly about reverend antiquities, and of calling ancient institutions by the names of their modern representatives, is preserved by Mr. Adams, down to the year 1825. By that time the "fear and greed" theory has gathered such impetus in his mind that it carries him crashing through the remaining decades of the century, and he

pays no attention whatever to the block system which we have been in the habit of supposing tended to make the word "civilization" is a measure descriptive of our present state.

Mr. Adams's book will appeal to different people in different ways. The general reader will take it as a series of essays on interesting epochs. The historian will examine it as a study in the interpretation of facts; the philosopher as a study in human motives, and many a reader, on coming to the very last pages of the book, will feel like one who stumbles upon the deadly *Adv.* at the end of an interesting newspaper article. For from page 275 to the end the book is a brief for free silver, and one, too, in which all minor arguments are ignored, and in which the eternal forces and proper destinies of civilization are shown to be enlisted against the single standard of gold. Listen to the summing-up. It may be rather too general and flowing to carry any great weight, but it is certainly very impressive:

> As the twentieth century approaches, the salient characteristic of the age is the ascendency of the economic type of man, for that ascendency is complete. Although the conventions of popular government are preserved, capital is at least as absolute as under the Cæsars, and, among capitalists, the money-lenders form an aristocracy. Debtors are in reality powerless because of the extension of that very system of credit which they invented to satisfy their needs. Although the volume of credit is gigantic, the basis on which it rests is so narrow that it can be manipulated by a handful of men. That basis is gold; in gold, debts must be paid; therefore, when gold is withdrawn, the debtor is helpless and becomes the servant of his master. The elasticity of the age of expansion is gone.
>
> The aristocracy which wields this autocratic power is

beyond attack, for it is defended by a wage-earning police, by the side of which the legions were a toy, a police so formidable that for the first time in history revolt is hopeless and is not attempted. The only question which occupies the ruling class is whether it is cheaper to coerce or to bribe (p. 292).*

How shall we account for this unexpected termination? One can hardly set down the whole volume as a campaign document, though some of this conclusion would sound well from a Colorado or Nevada platform. We must assume that Mr. Adams has introduced a personal hobby about gold and silver into a solid work of historical investigation, and declare that by so doing he has come very near spoiling it.

No fair-minded person will insist that this mistake vitiates the entire argument. The theories of Wendell Phillips concerning greenbacks did not vitiate his opinions upon slavery. But there is no question but that this volume can be greatly improved as a "Study on History" by generous omissions in a second edition. If Mr. Adams refuses to see that there is a way out of his difficulty in spite of the adoption of the gold standard we must exonerate him on the ground that he is a great thinker, and that the trouble, as John Bright said, with great thinkers is that they think

* Compare this passage with the following from Mr. Kidd: "It must be observed that the fact of most significance is the extent to which this deepening and softening of the character has progressed *among the power-holding classes* [The italics are Mr. Kidd's]. This class is even more affected than the opposing party. The result is peculiar. It is thereby rendered incapable of using its own strength, and consequently incapable of making any effective resistance to the movement which is undermining its position. All heart is, in fact, taken out of its opposition; men's minds having become so sensitive to suffering, misery, wrong, and degradation of ever kind that it cannot help itself." (Social Evolution, p. 179). Somewhere between these two picturesque exaggerations lies the sober truth that the motives of humanity are not simple, but mixed.

wrong. Let us, however, leave for the moment this personal incident and go back to the book as a whole.

Mr. Adams has certainly done good work in showing up clearly the parts played in the world by fear and greed (religion and economy), but in doing it he certainly throws on the reader the entire burden of determining their relative importance as toward other springs of human action. He does not, like Mr. Kidd, twist the evidence to suit his notions, but, by confining himself entirely to facts that illustrate his point, he gives a one-sided impression of human nature. It is undoubtedly true that the animal qualities, guided to their object by practical reason, have been the chief motive forces among men. It is undoubtedly true that even to this day law and order depend, almost immediately, on force among a great portion of mankind; but it is also true, that out of human struggles there has arisen a rough idea of justice, and a capacity of appreciating the position and so-called rights of another. This sense, operating on different theories as to what are rights and what are not, has influenced not only the claimant but the possessor, throughout history. A feeling of repulsion toward evil and oppression has undoubtedly existed in the minds of many men in all ages, and even the Gregorian popes seem to have been actuated in a measure by a desire to reform abuses in the Church.

That the Reformation did not have in it a strong element of revulsion against religious beliefs and practices, which the intelligence of the times considered stultifying and absurd, one cannot for a moment doubt, and it woul

be almost as incorrect to suppose that dogmas were resisted at that time only because they involved a money payment as it would be to hold such an opinion of the present day. If Sir Thomas More's writings afford any indication of the kind of problems that were exercising the minds of some men in those days, it may be gathered that dogmas were sometimes resisted on the ground that "it is not in a man's power to believe what he list," a ground on which in our time even Huxley does not disdain to rely. Incomprehensibility is not necessarily enough to produce resistance to a dogma; a dogma to be repudiated must appear in some way inconsistent with experience, and if it appears to be so inconsistent, the fact that it involves a money payment, and that those who are asked to accept it are in dire financial straits, will undoubtedly hasten its doom.

When, therefore, Mr. Adams speaks of the Reformation as being eminently an economic phenomenon (p. 153), one has a right to insist on a closer explanation. It is true that the social condition of the people under the Tudors was as bad a combination as can be made out of oppression, panic, and despotism. It is also true, however, that the dogmas of the church, particularly that of transubstantiation, had been attacked long before, and that, in the mean time, the intellectual movements which we, in a careless way, speak of as the Renaissance and the Revival of Learning, had done their work; men had "opened their eyes and had seen," or rather Wycliffe, Colet, Erasmus, Columbus, Cabot, and Sir Thomas More had opened their eyes for them, and they were able, in an economic disturbance, to include certain theological

considerations, a thing which, without intellectual illumination, they would never have been able to do. Trade is great and commerce is mighty, but the economic mind has its superstitions as well as the militant, and both owe their enfranchisement to the disinterested inquirer. Mr. Adams assumes that the commercial mind is skeptical. It is skeptical in this sense: that since it has an ax to grind, it will accept reason if science will provide it. The only recognition Mr. Adams gives to science is in saying that in the last stage of consolidation "the economic and perhaps the scientific intellect is propagated" (Preface, p. viii). But it is hardly necessary to go through the list of human motives that Mr. Adams leaves out. He does not undertake to write a complete history; he simply wishes to find the skeleton of a law on which the flesh and blood of any civilization, from that of the "amiable Bodo" to that of the sensible Briton or the ethical Yankee, may be fitted, or hung. The study which he makes will be extremely useful to the historian who shall write a history of the parts played in human affairs by all the human characteristics, including the rôles of virtue, justice, ambition, vice, and intellect, as well as those of greed and fear.

So much for the past. As for the future, we have, according to Mr. Adams, reached a point in our civilization where disintegration has begun. Owing to our servile acceptance of the gold standard, we are all in the hands of the usurer, and our doom is sealed.

Perhaps no financier has ever lived abler than Samuel Loyd. Certainly he understood, as few men, even of later generations, have understood, the mighty engine

of the single standard. He comprehended that, with expanding trade, an inelastic currency must rise in value; he saw that, with sufficient resources at command, his class might be able to establish such a rise almost at pleasure; certainly that they could manipulate it when it came by taking advantage of foreign exchange. He perceived, moreover, that, once established, a contraction of the currency might be forced to an extreme, and that when money rose beyond price, as in 1825, debtors would have to surrender their property on such terms as creditors might dictate (p. 278).

The history of half a century has justified the diagnosis of this eminent financier. As followed out by his successors, Loyd's policy has not only forced down prices throughout the West, but has changed the aspect of civilization (p. 280).

When the mints had been closed to silver, the currency being inelastic, the value of money could be manipulated like that of any article limited in quantity, and thus the human race became subjects of the new aristocracy, which represented the stored energy of mankind (p. 289).

But from time to time the creditor class feels the need of turning the property it has acquired from bankrupts into gold. . . . The hoards are opened; credit is freely given; the quantity of currency is increased, values rise, sales are made, and new adventurers contract new obligations. Then this expansion is followed by a fresh contraction, and liquidation is repeated on an ever-descending scale (p. 290).

Mr. Adams does not say that any of the important financial crises of the century has been deliberately caused by the intentional manipulation of the currency by capitalists, and in this he does well, for much better explanations can be given for all of them; but he does say that the single standard was devised by capitalists to make such a manipulation possible when occasion arose. It is clear that Mr. Adams regards this generalization as an important tail-

piece to his essay on Greed, yet the idea is not new, and was carefully considered by Mr. David A. Wells in a book published some time before that of Mr. Adams, and discarded. Mr. Wells says: "It is not easy to imagine that any person of ordinary intelligence can seriously believe that the enactment of laws looking to the recognition of gold as the sole standard of value, thereby effecting what is called the demonetization of silver, could ever have resulted from mere whim or caprice, or with a view of occasioning either domestic or international commercial disturbance."* I suppose the Governors of the Bank of England, at all events, are to be exonerated from such a charge, and that Mr. Adams will admit that their position in the early days of the single standard and the Bank Act, though greedy enough in some respects, was, in times of panic, one of helpless fear rather than deliberate oppression. But this matters little one way or the other, for, no matter what selfish motives the originators of a single standard may have had, their action only shows that good results may follow evil intentions, for they did a good thing in taking the first step in the direction of turning the logical solution of the currency problem into practical fact. If incidentally, in so doing, they have gained power over the basis of credit, so that they can squeeze the borrower in times of panic, then a new problem arises, namely, to invent an elastic currency based upon a single standard of value—a problem which is complicated chiefly by ignorance and personal interests, all of which will in time give way.

It is a little difficult to reconcile the pro-

* *Recent Economic Changes* (p. 251).

cession of borrowers who manage by various devices to speculate with other people's money and who arrange to pay their losses or leave them unpaid, as they choose, with the sorry picture of the debtor drawn by Mr. Adams. It is a little difficult to give the capitalist that power of omniscience which Mr. Adams ascribes to him, when the fate of such houses as Overend, Gurnee & Co. and Baring Brothers, to which he does not even refer, appears to show that the capitalist himself is open to some grave dangers, and that the astute promoter is sometimes more than a match for the supposed leaders of the financial world. Still, those who are really oppressed under our form of civilization usually end by finding out, and, class after class, the barons, the commons, the colonies, and the masses have succeeded in ridding themselves pretty well from the grosser forms of artificial injustice. If the debtor believes that he is unduly oppressed by the power which the capitalist wields over the basis of credit, let him by all means try to invent an elastic currency. The only real obstacle in the way is the power of the capitalist to bribe the lawmakers, and a little ingenuity ought to prevent this, for public opinion is opposed to bribery.

The first step to be taken, in this country at least, is to abolish altogether the notion that the government will ever under any circumstances attempt to wipe out its obligations in anything but gold. The next step should be to change the financial condition of the country from one of real bankruptcy (with technical solvency) to one of true financial solvency, by raising a revenue sufficient to pay current expenses. Were this the case, the United States could in

times of contraction issue notes in exchange for bonds, almost without regard to the condition of the gold reserve, and those notes would be good among our own citizens, if not the world over, leaving the gold reserve to cover foreign payments. Then, too, matters could be helped by first pouring out the gold reserve as it should be poured out in times of stringency—for that is exactly what the reserve is for. A truly solvent financial institution in which people have real faith can commit an act of technical bankruptcy in time of need, without hurting its credit; as witness the Bank of England, which commits such an act whenever the "Bank Act," limiting its issue of notes, is suspended. Where, however, the solvency is merely technical, as with the United States to-day, this is by no means the case.

In order, then, to control the currency, the capitalist will have to keep the government discredited and insolvent and its gold notes in bad repute; otherwise a currency can be arranged which he will not be able to control to any unreasonable extent, and unless he can do that, this phase of our civilization, so far as Mr. Adams's theory is concerned, may continue, in spite of him, for many a day.

A. B. KANT.

FORTY YEARS AGO—AT OXFORD.

I should imagine that Oxford must be very much changed since I took my degree forty years ago. The Oxford of my day was controversial; for the "Oxford Movement," which was perhaps fathered by Dr. Pusey, was still stirring the hearts of undergraduates, so that we could rarely meet at a wine party or a supper party without polemical, and sometimes fiercest contention. Men argued in their walks and in their chambers on the respective merits of the leaders of the movement; on the apparent probability of all England becoming "High Church" or of a general and perhaps disastrous reaction. Even the *Times* sided with the new teachers, believing that "Fraterianism" would be popular; though after a silence of a few weeks, that sail-trimming organ veered around to the opposite view. At any rate, it was a good thing for the Oxford undergraduates to be deeply interested in the fortunes of the National Church; a deep interest which soon subsided into an intellectual acquiescence in the decorous versatility of Anglicanism.

The most injurious of the features of this polemical activity was the doctrinal inharmoniousness of the Dons. The oldest Don of my college (Trinity) would not dine in Hall on Fridays because there was some respect shown to Abstinence; and he even went so far, in the way of protest, as to wear a colored cotton necktie when he was reading the morning service in the chapel. It was told of one of the Dons of Seeter College, who happened to be Bursar for the current term, that he asked the college cook

whether a particular day in the week was not set set apart for "a fast of the church," and on being informed that it was so said "In that case, you can give us boiled mutton for dinner, but re-remember, no caper sauce." Thus the "High Church" contended with the "Low Church" in their outward manifestation of principles. I am afraid that these variations caused more amusement than edification to the undergraduates who were preparing to take orders. Nor is it surprising that theological colleges were discovered to be essential for priestly training since the majority of the candidates were more diverted by the wranglings than impressed by the unanimity of the Dons.

In regard to attendance at lectures, I do not think that the system of college lectures was ordered with reference to personal needs. We had four lectures, on an average, every day, but they were not necessarily on subjects or on books which we were purposing to master for a degree. I remember Dr. Moberly, the late Bishop of Salisbury, telling me that when he was an undergraduate (this would be about seventy or eighty years ago) he was only obliged to attend one lecture every day, and he should certainly have declined to attend more. It was much the same at Cambridge at that period. My brother, who was at Cambridge in 1836, was asked by Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity, "if he would like to attend any lectures," and he replied that he should like to attend one mathematical lecture; which lecture, however, he more frequently "cut" than honored by his personal presence. In my day, we found lectures rather onerous; not because we did not like lectures, but because the subjects were

not those we should have chosen. The system of trusting private tutors to "coach" us while attending the college lectures was hardly a judicious husbanding of industries, nor did it tend to efficiency in the schools.

Naturally, however, while thinking of old days, we old grads rather like to recall what was pleasant or diverting than to dwell upon other polemics or lectures. Up to 1 o'clock in the day we might work hard, but after 1 o'clock we rode or we boated, or we took a conventional ramble. And at 6 o'clock we all dined in Hall. Now it was after the dinner hour, and for the rest of the evening, that we really created the memories of after-life. I have still a lingering fondness for those charming evenings. I am bound to say that the recollections of the wine party and the supper party have a delight for me even after a lapse of 40 years. A wine party may be a mixed recollection, because the wine was always emphatically bad. It was almost as bad as it was expensive. "No foreign wines allowed in college, only port and sherry," was the pleasant satire of one of the Oxford dons on the presumably home-made Oxford vintages. Still, what did it matter to strong heads and strong stomachs, so long as one could pass the cheering bottle? But after the wine party, or say, toward 10 o'clock, came that sovereign institution, the supper party; and it is of this institution I would speak with respect, because it was so uniquely ridiculous. It was wholly unnecessary and extravagantly injurious, and therefore entitled to be commended. "Education" includes the learning of what should be avoided as well as what should be enjoyed; and therefore an Oxford supper party had its place

in the curriculum, as teaching the extreme unreasonableness of late hours. To go to bed about three and be in chapel about seven was so obviously an antagonism of purpose, that I think the "lesson" which was derived from the antagonism must have lasted the undergraduate through life.

But there was one institution which I consider unparalleled in its triumphant achievement of the enjoyable, and that was the Sunday morning breakfast party. I often find myself now, after a lapse of 40 years, thinking on a Sunday morning of those breakfasts. They were princely, magnificent, yet decorous. We could hardly mount the staircase that led to our host's room for the crowd of dishes, embellished with varied viands, and all the auxiliaries of a state-repast. There was no drawback whatever to those breakfasts—yes one: we were almost certain to be too late for church. The "University Sermon" was of obligation; there was no evading the Bampton lecturer or select preacher; and the noble efforts which were made by undergraduates to leave the breakfast table in time for their devotions was worthy of the highest commendation. And when we got to St. Mary's—well, just one word as to the sermon.

As a rule, the "Grand Sermon" was disappointing. The reason was that most preachers seemed to forget that undergraduates brought their souls as well as their intellects to St. Mary's and they gave us sermons which had the unction of sawdust, and were not a whit more conducive to spirituality. "I have listened to university sermons for 50 years and I thank God I am still a Christian," was the

judicial estimate of a head of a house who perhaps fondly imagined he *was* "still a Christian." I can only speak for myself, when I say that the university sermon, as a rule, used to incline me to infidelity. Indeed, in leaving breakfast, for sermon, I usually felt undecided as to which was the less injurious of the two: though as to enjoyment, there could be no question whatever. And this was not a true spirit of education!

My own idea of "education" at Oxford is that it is derived more through the eye than through the ear. It is in the study and contemplation of sixteen historic colleges, and almost as many historic chapels. The undergraduate, as he passes Balliol or All Souls, Christ Church, New College, or Magdalen, carries his mind back half consciously to their founders and ponders over the story of the past centuries. No man can live in a place of supreme beauty, a town full of exquisite ancient colleges, without imbibing something of the spirit of that beauty, of the lesson of the monuments of a great past. Who has leaned over Magdalen Bridge and looked up at Waynflete's witching tower, or visited the Magdalen cloister or its grove, or its water walks, has failed to feel a reverence for those far-off ages when architects were Christian poets; when such men as William of Wyckham and William of Sens, and all those wonderful idealists who built the English cathedrals derived all their genius of instinct or intuition from the supernatural faith that was in them? Here is education for the soul. If a man cannot appreciate external Oxford, or derive improvement from the faith-lessons of its very stones, he had better retire

from all hopes of education, save such as a parochial school may impart. Three years at Oxford mean three years of companionship with the most beautiful creations of earlier times, and therefore necessarily three years of instruction on education, faith, art, and Christian chivalry.

Now, for my part, I regret that the changes in the last 40 years have un-churched the spirit of Oxford, because I think it was a good thing for the undergraduates to associate the ideal of faith with the ideal of art and the humanities. In my day all the Dons were clergymen, and purely formal and fictional as it was, all the undergraduates had to subscribe to "the Articles," and so at least to profess reverence for some belief. Now that laymen and agnostics and free-thinkers may be the governing tutors and trainers, it has become impossible for Oxford to take a lead in "religious thought" or to be anything other than a public school. I prefer the earnestness of disputation of 1855 to the looseness of indifference of 1895. Pusey, Keble, Wilberforce, Newman gathered round them schools of profound inquiry, and profound inquiry was much better than "Christian Rationalism," or rationalism *plus* a sentiment of Christianity, and *minus* both its faith and its reverence.

On the other hand, it is a good thing to have "cheapened" the education, and so to admit of a larger number of students. Forty years ago, the daily habits of students were most extravagant. The sons of poor rectors or poor merchants would live like the heirs to great estates; and many an Oxford graduate has paid the penalty all his life of the debts he

incurred at the university. In this respect there is now vast improvement, still I must say that, extravagance excepted, there was a high code of honor 40 years ago. There was an *esprit du corps*, a refined inspiration, and a cult of whatever was gentlemanly. I do not remember, during the four years I was at Oxford, any one undergraduate who was guilty of dishonor, or was ever accused of doing anything equivocal, unless to get into debt might be so adjectived.

In this brief article I have avoided touching on such deep subjects as the uses or misuses of the university; the relations of the Dons to the undergraduates; the compass of education as it was and it should have been, and the causes of individual failures. Such subjects would need grave discussion, and for the present I will not allude to them. I imagine that my own impression is like that of most Oxford men who look back from a long distance on undergraduate days: there was such true education in the *place* and in its *past*, but none at all in the Donnish pomp and magisterialism. The Oxford Don was only a white-tied policeman. Except in very rare instances, he no more "educated" men's natures than a drill-sergeant forms the characters of his recruits.

ARTHUR F. MARSHALL.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Science.—The stupendous catastrophe which befell the city of St. Louis and that vicinity on the afternoon of May 27 deserves the most careful study, and is fraught with practical lessons. So far as records go, it was unequaled by any other tornado that ever devastated this country. Records do not go very far, however, for the West is new yet. We occasionally hear of cyclones in and about China even more destructive than this tornado; and in common parlance, the distinction between cyclones and tornadoes is not always accurately drawn. A cyclone is an atmospheric disturbance covering a large area; a tornado covers a small one, and sweeps along a narrow path a few hundred feet wide, or even less than that; and is often a product of the cyclone. The velocity of the whirl is almost incredible. At St. Louis, no measurements seem to have been taken in the most furious portion of the vortex, as the greatest velocity reported was 80 miles an hour; but in the storm that visited Wallingford, Conn., in 1878, an estimate of the velocity was 260 miles an hour.

The destruction of property at St. Louis was at least $20,000,000; hundreds of people were killed, and thousands injured. And this storm was only one of many which have occurred this season at many different localities throughout the West, both before and after the St. Louis storm.

While most experts hesitate to dogmatize on the nature and causes of these sudden and violent atmospheric disturbances, certain

points may be mentioned as proper to consider in connection with any investigation of the subject. Intense electrical disturbances always prevail. The meteorological conditions of the present season of tornadoes have presented certain anomalies as unprecedented as the prevalence of these storms themselves. The late winter and early spring brought a most unusual number of severe snow storms. While these were still prevailing, and snow was still falling to great depths, accompanied by severe cold weather through the West and South, a more than mid-summer heat in mid-April attacked the Atlantic seaboard, in which the temperature rose to 90° in New York City by official and 98° by private thermometer, and to 94° in Washington and Philadelphia. The heat continued for more than a week, with an intensity that would have been noteworthy in July. The inquiry seems pertinent therefore, whether these various phenomena may not be traceable to a common cause.

Whatever be the cause, it seems obvious that the tornado is here to stay, and an important practical question is, how to meet it. Cellars, as places of refuge, are already abundant in regions most exposed to danger, and will become much more so now. There is reason to believe, also, that preventive measures may be made efficacious if sufficient care is taken. It has long been known that the treeless regions were most liable to devastation. The innumerable points of leaf and bough dissipate the electricity, and the forest also mechanically prevents the formation of the violently whirling vortex. Professor Hazen, of the United States Weather Bureau, is responsible for the

statement that no city which had even a moderate belt of trees southwest of it has ever suffered seriously. He points out also the feasibility of breaking up the whirl by exploding dynamite at the critical moment. A system of watch-towers might be established west of the city, that being the quarter from which danger comes. Dynamite bombs are to be connected with the towers by electric wires and exploded as the tornado reaches them, thus changing the direction of air currents and breaking up the whirl. Such a system, he says, would not cost the city of St. Louis as much in a thousand years as the recent storm destroyed in an hour.

The ruins gave many striking illustrations of the great rarefaction of the atmosphere in the vortex. The walls of buildings generally fell outward, owing to the sudden removal of atmospheric pressure from outside.

* * *

IT WOULD seem as if these extraordinary perturbations of the atmosphere would reconcile people to remain on *terra firma*, but the subject of aerial navigation has just received a great stimulus. Professor Langley has constructed a machine which is said to have made some successful ascensions, and Prof. Graham Bell enthuses so far as to express the opinion that the problem of aerial navigation has thus been solved. Langley's machine is not at all of the balloon order, being much heavier than the air. Andrée, however, attacks the problem with a balloon, apparently the most elaborate and best constructed and equipped that has ever been made. It is built in compartments, and of the best and strongest material, almost impervious to gas, and capable of remaining

inflated for many months. Three immense drag cables regulate its passage over land and sea, and contribute to its safety. This immense balloon has been taken to Spitzbergen, where it will be inflated in a building erected for that purpose, and having a removable roof, which, when indications are favorable, will be removed and the balloon set free to be wafted by the prevailing southerly wind to the North Pole. If all goes as intended, the balloon will be off before this article appears in print.

* * *

THE RECENT death from lockjaw of a child in the annexed portion of the city of Brooklyn has caused much discussion as to that formerly very mysterious disease. The child had recently been vaccinated, and is supposed to have received the tetanus bacillus through the unhealed wound in her arm, while playing in the garden and carelessly handling the soil. It was only in 1884 that the bacillus of lockjaw was discovered, and much more recently it was found that certain moist soils are its habitat. Among such infected localities are included portions of the enlarged city of Brooklyn, and the neighborhood of Jamaica, L. I. This emphasizes the necessity of cautioning children against playing in the dirt in such localities.

WM. H. HALE.

Political.—It is difficult even for a Republican to become suddenly enthusiastic over Mr. McKinley. It will be hard to forget that he is a man who would have taken any principles that came wrapped up in the nomination. Mr. McKinley, having received the Republican nomination, will probably be the next

president. It is hard to see how the Democratic party can make a platform which will raise any vital issue. The Republican platform will satisfy the ideas of the greater part of both parties, unless upon the tariff, and here the Republicans suggest what is really desired by all alike—a rest.

The Democratic party cannot safely fall back upon silver, for it seems there is no great free-silver party, nor can it appropriate any patriotic sentiment on foreign relations as its exclusive property, for the Republicans have anticipated them.

It is hardly possible that we are going to have a personal campaign, for it may be doubted whether the strongest man the Democrats could put up—namely, Mr. Cleveland—could be elected this year, even if there were no prejudice against a third term.

The reason why the newspapers have made so much of the convention at St. Louis, and have regarded the platform and the nomination as so important, is that they look upon that convention this year as a national convention rather than a party one—and the nominee, they look upon now as the next president. In this they may, of course, be mistaken, though it is not likely that the Democratic party will fail to suffer for its misdoings. One thing, however, we have, upon which we can count from this day forward—whatever party comes into power will be forced to pledge itself to maintain the single gold standard. This is the chief thing we have wanted to find out about ourselves; it is the chief thing the rest of the world has wanted to know about us. Now we know it, and the world knows it.

Until free silver is adopted by international agreement—that is, until Doomsday—gold is to be the standard of the United States; and now that this point is settled, confidence will revive, at home and abroad, even before the election.

* * *

WHAT Mr. Henry Norman mistakenly calls the duel between President Krueger and Mr. Chamberlain is in reality a beautiful contest between might and right, as we now understand it. When England first learned that Rhodes himself had been implicated in the Jameson raid she was very much shocked and expressed great grief and humiliation. Gradually this natural and instinctive feeling has worn off, gradually the good sense of the government, the press, and the people of England has begun to reassert itself. First the *Times* suggested that while Cecil Rhodes undoubtedly made a great mistake in mixing himself up in such an undertaking, success might have excused him. Then the magazines pointed out very clearly that while the behavior of Jameson and Rhodes was certainly embarrassing, no mistakes or crimes on their part should be allowed to stand in the way of matters of real importance. England must, in spite of their well-meant but disastrous assistance, remain the "dominant factor" in South Africa. The "South African Empire" of England must progress.

Jameson's raid was a great blunder, but it does not wipe out the fact that the Transvaal in the hands of the Boers is a manger well filled with good things in possession of an animal, that does not appreciate them. It is a pity that our ideas of right and wrong should per-

mit a body of unprogressive agriculturalists to play such a game with so useful a part of the earth. Except as an academic question in ethics, we in this country have little or no interest in the independence of the Boers. If we are obliged to sit still and look on we can at least make use of the lesson. The simple facts are that England does not propose to permit the Boers to run their country in their own way. They do not run it in a modern or civilized way, and they must either change their methods or lose their freedom. England, of course, would prefer to have them behave in such a way as to give her an opportunity to take charge of the country, but occasions of this sort, that can be grasped without incurring the disapproval of civilized nations, become rarer and rarer every year. Now that an ostensibly unauthorized and uncountenanced attack has failed, the problem has become more difficult than ever. It is hard to see why the Transvaal would not be a better place to live and do business in under England than under the Boers, yet President Krueger has made it very hard for England to get a good opening. England, however, is very ingenious about these things, and it would not be surprising if she discovered or invented, before long, some plan of reducing the Transvaal to dependence in a way that should satisfy the requirements, not only of the Ten Commandments, but of all the Thirty-nine Articles to boot.

Has one a right to smile at Mr. Chamberlain's remarking that he is disappointed in President Krueger? It appears that President Krueger does not respond quickly enough to

the "considerate and conciliatory attitude of the British Government." "If he goes on much longer," says Mr. Norman, "he will have to be frightened." * But what if he does not get frightened? "Then," says Mr. Norman, "he can easily cause the independence of his country to become a thing of the past." Thus, whatever happens to the Transvaal, it will not be England's fault. Of course, England has had a great deal of practice at this game, but she certainly does play it, as one may say, "to the Queen's taste."

* * *

Miss Republica.—Behold there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rights be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, *without more speech*, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
McKinley.—And so have I addressed me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base $\begin{matrix}\text{le}\\\text{str}\end{matrix}\}$ ad
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
What says the golden chest? Ha! let me see:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire—that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show.
Why then, to thee, thou silver treasure-house,
Tell me once more, What title dost thou bear?
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves,
And well said, too; for who shall go about
To cozen Fortune and be honorable.
Without the stamp of merit—gaudy gold—
Hard food for Midas, I'll have none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge.
'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meager $\begin{matrix}\text{le}\\\text{str}\end{matrix}\}$ ad
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,

* *Cosmopolis*, June, 1896.

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence ;
And here I choose—joy be the consequence.

(Opening the Straddle Casket)

What find I here ?
Columbia's counterfeit ! and here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune—

(Reads)

If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn to where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave,
I come by vote to give, and to receive. [*Kisses her.*

Athletics.—The Yale crew had a comfortable voyage over in the *City of Berlin* and arrived at Southampton, June 15. They went immediately to their quarters at Henley, by special train. The training quarters, "Marsh Mill House," an old English country house, with its fine rooms, its lawns and tennis courts, is something quite different, no doubt, from Gale's Ferry. A number of servants in livery welcomed the crew. Guy Nickalls, the famous single-sculler, met the crew, and did all the honors. The Mayor of Henley also welcomed the crew in a neat little speech. The kindly feeling displayed was especially pleasing to the crew after the expressions of dissatisfaction by English newspapers last winter.

Later in the day Bob Cook got the crew on the water, and the impression made was not very favorable. We shall be interested to learn from day to day whether the Thames malaria, of which we have decided fear, will affect the crew or not. We believe that Bob Cook will take good care to get his crew away to the seashore if there are any signs of

it. What Mr. Corbin said in the BACHELOR, Vol. I, p. 586, is *apropos*—when he began to train, "Instead of gaining, as I had naturally expected to do, I fell off gradually, saturated with the depressing atmosphere." "The continued dampness stiffened my muscles, and little by little developed rheumatism." So Bob Cook says, as reported in the *World*: "I don't fear heat—but mist and rain." "The first effect of the English atmosphere is to kill all nervous energy—the sole factor, as every athlete knows, in making a plucky finish." "Before the Cornell crew left Ithaca they rowed a trial over the course a trifle longer than that of Henley in 6 min. 50 sec., finishing with a strong burst of speed. During their first week at Henley they covered the distance in 7 min. 3 sec. The best trial they were able to do after this was 7 min. 4 sec. In the best of the final trials before the race the best they could do was 7 min. 14 sec. In these, as members of the crew informed me, they punished themselves as they had never done before. Meanwhile certain of the men had gone completely off their feed, being distressed even at the sight of meat." Courtney, it seems, as professional oarsmen have a way of doing, gave them no rest and worked them only the harder. Courtney was truly said to have "run a hospital" at Henley after the first week of Cornell's arrival. Things got so disheartening that at the last Courtney took to his bed himself in despair. No doubt that over-training and malaria "killed" the Cornell crew.

Let us hope that Yale will steer clear of these difficulties. Yale has done the Henley distance in 6 min. 39 sec. on Lake Whitney, and if the

crew keeps well she will do close to this in England, in practice.

* * *

BOB COOK, in '73, was supposed to have brought over the English stroke to Yale. But see what Mr. Ellington, the rowing expert of the London *Field*, says of their first performance, under Cook's coaching, on the Thames:

> Some disappointment not unmixed with satisfaction is felt among English oarsmen at the first performances of the Yale crew. It had been understood that the Yale men rowed a long, swinging stroke after the English style, and, in consequence, they were regarded as formidable. As it appears, however, they have much the same stroke as the Cornell crew and their chance of success is not as highly estimated as formerly. Mr. Cook has always been credited in England with having taken the English style of rowing to Yale, but they have evidently fallen back to their old style.
>
> The crew appear to be stronger and more powerful than the Cornell men, and seem to be of a higher class. Socially the Yale men have made a most favorable impression with their quiet and pleasant manners, but as far as their rowing is concerned there would seem to be little to choose from as between the Yale and Cornell crews.

If Yale rows a different stroke from the English varsity stroke, it is news to many rowing men in this country. The *Daily Graphic* says "*The style is not an English one.* . . . . The first impression is not favorable."

* * *

THE RACE at Poughkeepsie carries old alumni back to the era of the great Intercollegiate Rowing Association, when as many as 13 crews entered for a three-mile race. Harvard pursued the old policy of "secrecy," and rowed in out-of-the-way coves. Pennsylvania, under Ward's coaching, was "angry at

Columbia for following them in their launch" —how this reminds us of the old boating days! Ward is said to have "sworn vigorously" at Columbia, and the Pennsylvania crew "wanted to fight." Why should not the crews see each other row? What harm does it do?

Cornell won the four-mile race at Poughkeepsie in the record time of 19 min. 29 sec.; Harvard second in 19 min. 32 sec.; Pennsylvania third, and Columbia a bad fourth. The water was smooth and the ebb tide fast. This year the Poughkeepsie course has proved itself a surprising success. Next year Yale will probably line up at the start; we hope so.

The Pennsylvania faculty at first insisted upon refusing to allow four members of the 'varsity to row on account of low stand. Later they yielded their consent. The Yale faculty refused to permit Marsh to go to England as substitute on the crew on account of low stand.

It is difficult to say how far a faculty has the right to cripple a crew within a few weeks of a race. The rule should never be exercised except say six weeks before a race,—before a crew is permanently seated. The theory is a good one, however, and the men ought not only to be *bona-fide* students, but in good standing. *They* are the only real representative athletes of their college.

* * *

A GOOD GAME to watch was the Yale—Princeton game in New York, June 13. Princeton played a very fine game until their pitcher weakened. Yale played an uphill stubborn game—then won easily by hard hitting.

LADIES' DAY at Travers' Island has come to be a regular fashionable outdoor event for Westchester County. The beautiful grounds of the club, the presence and varied costumes of the ladies, the excellent racing and sports, make it a very delightful event. Mr. Wefers, of Georgetown, the greatest sprinter we have ever known in America, was just barely beaten by a man to whom he had given 10 1-2 yds. There was a bad spill in the bicycle race. We hope there will never be another bicycle race at Travers'—the track is not safe, as the Collegians discovered this year. Bicycling must have a special raised track, such as has been built at Manhattan Field. A large number of wheelmen and wheelwomen rode out from New York, the distance being 18 miles and the hills numerous.

* * *

AN AMERICAN Henley—why not? Numerous questions have been asked in regard to THE BACHELOR'S plan. It is exciting a great deal of discussion.

We suggest having an open amateur regatta July 1–7 each year for eights, sixes, fours, pair oars, and single sculls at New London, or, if the colleges prefer, at Poughkeepsie.

We feel that sufficient money can be raised to give prizes of great value. All college crews and minor crews could enter. The distance could be the exact Henley distance.

Here is Wisconsin beating Yale Freshmen ten lengths in two miles. Why should not Wisconsin have a chance to show against college crews any year? We saw the Wisconsin crew as they passed through New York—short, wiry, little fellows, not like the usual beefy

Harvard or Yale crews. We haven't a doubt that they would send a crew to the American Henley. So would Michigan, Minnesota, California. We would then find out whether Yale knew all there was to know in rowing, or if Harvard brawn was superior to the wiry, half-Indian stroke of our Western friends.

Years ago, as far back as in 1872, there was talk of an American Henley—but the times were not ripe for it then. We had to prove the foolishness of 13 colleges rowing side by side across a lake, and the result was that, after Harvard and Yale withdrew in 1876, the association broke down. All the small colleges wanted was a chance at Yale or Harvard. At an American Henley to-day every college would be equal. There would be no favoritism, and we should know each year which college crew and which stroke was really the best.

Bob Cook approves of an American Henley, and Mr. Watson, of Harvard, will be asked to express his views in a later number of THE BACHELOR OF ARTS. Other college rowing authorities will follow Yale and Harvard's lead. The truth is there are too many colleges and too many crews to decide matters except in heats as at Henley.

Letters from college men—alumni and undergraduates—are requested by THE BACHELOR *as to the feasibility of establishing an American Henley.*

* * *

PRINCETON HAS beaten Yale in the final game of the series, 4 to 3, June 23, at New Haven. The game was an intensely exciting one, taking eleven innings for Princeton to get the winning run. Princeton has won on the

Yale field twice before, one in 1885 and one in 1891. The chances were certainly against her winning this game. Yale started off with two runs, and Princeton played a steady, uphill game. Greenway in the last inning weakened and sent two men to first; Kelly made a safe hit and Princeton scored. On the whole, Princeton's team deserved to win, the earned runs being Princeton 3, Yale 1. She had really a better nine at first than Yale, but Yale's careful, determined practice brought her team up at the end of the season to equal that of Princeton. If Yale had played Harvard a series this year, the games would have been very close and exciting. Watching the Princeton game at New Haven the other day, we heard an old graduate remark:

> There is no reason why Yale should not be playing Harvard here to-morrow, for Harvard and Yale in baseball have never had any dispute. Why football squabbles should interfere with this best of all American games, I never have been able to find out. For my part, I should like to see football abolished entirely from college schedules. It is a rough, brutal game, liable to cause friction and enmity, and no game at all fit for anybody but boys to play. Men are too heavy and too strong to play the game safely. It makes me indignant to think that this game should prevent our two greatest universities from playing the really best American outdoor game together.

It seems to THE BACHELOR that the old graduate, a man who has followed up college sport for many years, was not far from hitting the truth. Baseball is so much more interesting to watch than football that from the standpoint of the grand-stand it would be even better to have fall intercollegiate baseball games than football games. However, we must say

that football, when it is properly toned down to be comparatively harmless, is a very interesting game to watch.

* * *

MR. JOHN CORBIN, whose interesting account of Oxford appeared last year in THE BACHELOR OF ARTS, has written an account of Henley in *Harper's Weekly*, a portion of which we reprint, adding that Columbia in 1878 won the Henley Challenge Cup for fours against college crews only:

Of late years the fame of British rowing has spread abroad. On the Continent the American traveler is surprised to find that the recent converts to the sport are driven by the same ardor that has delighted and distressed him at home. In Germany the sport has been making rapid strides toward the English standard of perfection. In the Hamburg Amateur Regatta of 1884 a crew from the Thames Rowing Club easily carried of all the prizes for which it entered, and continued this success for a decade; but by 1894 the Germans had learned so much from their British visitors that they twice beat a Thames four, and left an eight of the same club far in the lurch. This defeat English oarsmen attribute to a lack of condition; but German sportsmen have told me that the visitors were of the race of Sandow, and have not yet given the final account of themselves. In France the "*Union des Sociétés des Sports athlétiques*" has likewise been fostered by English influence. As yet, however, no foreign crew has won any of the great Henley events, though Ooms, of the Neptunus R. C., Amsterdam, won the Diamond Sculls in 1892. Last year a French crew entered, but did not appear; and an eight from the Nereus club, of Amsterdam, made a first-rate fight for the Thames Challenge. Their peculiar stroke, which brought their backs far beyond the perpendicular at the finish and jerked their noses in the air, earned them the title, in the penny press, of *aquatic astronomers*. From Canada, singles and pairs have frequently entered, and the Argonaut Club of Toronto has often sent over a four. From America several men have

entered for the Diamond Sculls. E. Smith, Atalanta B. C., won one heat in 1872. In 1878, G. W. Lee, of Newark, lost his first heat through a mistake at the finish; and George Lee, of Boston, lost his trial heat. In 1889, Psotta, of the N. Y. A. C., worked his way as far as the finals. In the Stewards' Challenge Cup for fours, Columbia College and the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes entered in 1878, the latter getting as far as the finals.

By far the most dreaded of foreign entries was the Cornell crew of last year. Detest the stroke they used as an Englishman must, he could not get over the fact that their trials against time were the best of the season. This year a Yale crew will compete for the first time, and will have to meet not only the flower of English oarsmen, but of the entire boating world.

* * *

ALL CREDIT should be given to Columbia for being the only college crew who have won at Henley. Yale's chances, as we go to press, as against the New College crew and the Leander crew will all depend upon how fine Mr. Cook can get his men by the 6th of July. At present the consensus of opinion hardly warrants a certainty that they will win. If, however, they remain in good health and improve at the rate they have been improving last week, they will have a very good chance of winning. It must be remembered that a heavy crew are not always sprinters, and that it will be a hustling from the start to the finish, and the quick pumping stroke may, after all, be the right one for this short distance. Cook's stroke, which is calculated not to pump the men, but to give them all the ease possible for a long four-mile pull, may not be the best stroke for Henley. We have, however, all confidence that Cook will moderate or change the stroke to fit the new conditions; and as we

say, if he succeeds in bringing his crew up on the day of the race so that their condition and their form are what will satisfy, then Yale's chances are bright. But between now and the race there are many difficulties to overcome. We are very sorry to learn that their residence is on the river. We believe an American crew should reside at Brighton and go up to row once a day on the Thames. As Mr. Lehman points out in *Harper's Weekly*, the Leanders will have a very strong crew: Stroke, Gold, the famous Oxford stroke, who won the wonderful race against Cambridge in March; No. 6, Guy Nichols, the famous rowing man and sculler, probably the greatest rower in England. Yale, with a crew of new men, inexperienced, to win from such a crew, will be the greatest feat Yale has ever accomplished. The Yale crew contains Brown, who has had little experience in rowing, has never been in the University eight, and is simply a strong man; Simpson has had little experience, save being stroke in the freshman crew; Rogers, who was No. 5 in last year's freshman crew, is inexperienced; Bailey has never been in a University eight; the rest of the men have pulled in University races here of four miles. They are all strong and stocky, and if they can get up the right speed there may be hope for the race. Bob Cook, however, if he wins, will deserve enormous credit.

The Drama. — What a Manager Says: Were it not for the invasion of foreigners what would become of the American stage in this country! What we shall say is from the standpoint of the ordinary thea-

ter-goer, who has no special or professional knowledge of what a play ought to be or what ought to amuse or does amuse the public. We remember that our only experience on the stage has been acting a few parts in college plays and in private theatricals and in once or twice going behind the scenes while a play was being acted at one of the leading theaters in this city, and going to the theater from time to time and seeing the "principal attractions" as they occurred.

Our first general charge against theatrical exhibits in New York is that *they do not amuse*. The plays that are imported from London are really not all adapted to our stage. The woes of unfortunate women are not at all what we discuss in our purer American society. A marriage relation is really not to us an open question, as it seems to be among the playwrights of London and Paris, nor indeed do we believe that vaudeville is anything but an exotic. The trouble with vaudeville in this country is that we simply are treated to either the stars of London or Paris, or to imitations of the stars, or stars of music halls, or to acrobatic performances. We can imagine a vaudeville in which first-class performers sing or dance or tell a good story without its being vulgar, but we have never yet seen either a roof-garden performance or in fact any other vaudeville performance which has not had some element that was disgusting to decent people. It is said that the newspapers and the theaters eventually sink to the level of the "common people," and it is not our purpose to discuss the question whether or not the stage ought to elevate people. We will assume

that it ought to amuse, and that its first province is to amuse and not instruct, in the same way that the first province of a novel is to picture life, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions and his own moral. The charge we bring against the managers or purveyors of our theatrical pabulum is that they do not seem to know what fairly well educated people, moving in fairly good society, not necessarily college graduates or highly educated, like. It is quite true that the majority of managers of theaters and theatrical troupes in this country are Jews, but there has been no sign of the predominance of any Jewish traits or Jewish element in the selection of plays, and the only sign of Jewish influence is the same that we see, for instance, in one of the "greatest daily papers"—that they pander to the common; they try to make money too fast and draw crowds; that is the first thing and chief thing with the Jewish proprietors.

Mr. Dingleheimer, one of the chief managers in New York, a shrewd business man, said: "My expenses are very heavy; heating, gas, rent of theater, salaries of actors, wages, etc., require me to fill my house at every performance. A theatrical venture is a pure business speculation. I invest my money, and I want my return. I try one play; it does not draw; I put on another play; if that does not draw, I still try another. When one draws well, I keep it on the stage as long as possible. I try to buy London or Paris successes, because it is cheaper for me in the end; rarely does a success in London fail in America; therefore I prefer to pay a large sum for a London success rather than a small

sum for a new play, we will say, of an American, which may fail. I do not care what the play is about; it may be about the Seventh Commandment or the Eighth Commandment, or any of the Commandments; it makes no difference to me. I want to fill my theater. I know just how far I can go and prevent being interrupted by Anthony Comstock or the Gerry Society, and I find that plays that are what you call 'nasty' draw theater-goers. Women with a past are at present very much in vogue. Personally, I do not care whether they have a past or not. I don't care what they do or say. I want to make money. If I can say, at the end of the theatrical season, that I have a balance at all in the bank, I am generally pretty well contented, for the annoyances and troubles of a manager are without end. Something is always going wrong; actresses are always cutting up rough; you never know from one performance to another exactly what is going to happen. Yes, there is money in the business, but it is a very ticklish sort of business; nearly all the amateur managers who start out with money lose it in the course of three years. Those managers who have made money follow very closely the London or Paris stage. They try no experiments if they can help it. The American actors who are their own managers, such as William Crane, sometimes do well and sometimes do not do well. In the long run, were it not that they manage *themselves*, they would probably be out of pocket."

"But, Mr. Dingleheimer, ought you not to have a high standard for the stage and insist on real merit in a play?"

"No. We have nothing to do with standard.

We only look to see how the box-office is doing—how many dollars are going in the window. This is the only thing we can notice, as I said before."

"Is there any hope for a new American dramatist?"

"Not very much at present. The reason is that people in America have no judgment in regard to either a book or a play. They have to have some one sign manual on it to read it. It takes a long time, and it requires the indorsement of England, before a book is successful here; and it requires the indorsement of London before a play is successful here. The reason of this is that our final, critical audience consists of women. Women decide plays and books. Men believe what their wives and daughters tell them. Men are too busy to read very much, or to think very much about artistic matters. The book that sells best, if it is by an American, is a book that women like to read. Men don't read books. Men do not decide plays. It is a good deal so across the ocean, and I can tell you that women's judgment is very fickle and changeable, and the play that will suit them and make a hit with them might be what you and I would say was worthless trash.

"Now as to the charge of vulgarity, I suppose that is so. Most of our actors and actresses do not come from what is called the 'refined classes' or the highly educated class. A pretty girl comes to New York from some little town, where she has made a hit in some private play; she gets an engagement because of her beauty, good figure, and good voice. She is, I admit, a vulgar girl; her tastes are not always the

best; she is apt to be fond of display, having a good time, and spending money. When such a person undertakes to play the part of a refined lady on the stage, there are discrepancies which are very glaring. Take the actors, they are not even gentlemen, to begin with; they do not know the habits and requirements of good society. They may have been clerks, baseball players, pugilists, ambitious sons of farmers, 'uneducated citizens' with a natural bent for the stage. In order to portray the gentleman on the stage, childhood, boyhood, and young manhood in the best society, perfect knowledge of what goes on in the best society and in refined classes, is of course necessary. Putting a dress suit on an ex-bartender, parting his hair in the middle, and giving him patent-leather shoes and white necktie are more apt to make him look like a good waiter than a gentleman. However, I say that, taking it all in all, our plays are mounted and staged and acted pretty thoroughly well. It is easy to criticise, but it is hard to be perfect. Think of the work done in rehearsal for a first-class play; nobody knows what a wearing thing it is. I have seen plays acted in this city by amateurs at the Berkeley Lyceum, by the most refined young men and young women in this city, but they have not had in effect the air of refinement, but rather the lack of it. I believe that there is implanted in every woman's heart a secret desire to display herself and her gowns on the stage. Next to a wedding, it is a woman's great opportunity. They all would like to act; one in a thousand can do so."

"Do you think that you really draw the best judgment and applause of the American people?"

"I do not know as we do. The church-going sets may not like some of the rank plays we have kept on the stage for the last two or three years, but they seem to go to them all the same and see them twice, three times, half a dozen times. The so-called vicious classes, the painted women, fast women set, are not great theater-goers. The best class of theater-goers come from the country; people coming to New York for a week or two or a day or two. They like to go back to their country homes and tell of what they have seen in New York. People who live in New York are apt to be busy in social engagements, but of course an audience is made up of every variety. I should say, however, that even at the vaudeville theaters the so-called vicious class is not predominant. You may see boxes containing jolly parties who have dined heavily and who talk loudly, but the preponderance of the audience is respectable and decent, and I venture to say that you would have found at Yvette Gilbert performances people not only of the best society, but in the best church sets. I went several times to see her, and I noticed people there that were really the best in the city in every way. I believe that what you call good people prefer a spice of naughtiness on the stage. You cannot get them to say so, but this very class is generally notable at what I call a performance that is a little 'off.'

"I do not think that a national theater, subsidized by the government to present the greatest plays—those of Shakespeare for instance—would draw especially well. Shakespeare, in theater parlance, is dead; we are really very

tired of the Shakespearean characters. We seem to want practical plays of practical modern life. I would advise an American playwright to make his plays as realistic of American life as possible; not to exaggerate too much. For instance, we seem to have adopted a certain characteristic of a Yankee which must always be predominant in an American, viz., business of swapping, etc. This is nonsense. Austin Corbin, for example, was a very agreeable man at a dinner, and had a great deal to say on topics not connected with business. Yet if Austin Corbin was on the stage, he would be made to talk of nothing but 'swapping' railroads and steamships. I do not believe that the future of the American stage points toward American plays now any more than it did ten years ago. The fact is that London, Paris, and New York, as far as influences go, might be only ten miles apart. The whole world is now one family; we take what goes in London because the London audience and our audience are much the same; we read the same books, discuss the same things, live in the same way. Take our men of fashion, they eat and drink about the same things that Englishmen do of the same class; our women wear the same clothes, read the same books, do the same thing or things that English ladies do. Our country houses are modeled after the English country houses. It is ridiculous to say they are different from us. What they say and do we imitate, not only in our plays, but in every other thing in life; and it is natural that we should do so. I do not know of any people or any person or any set of people who know how to live better than the English or the better class of the

French. Why should we not imitate them, and applaud what they applaud?"

"Suppose Stephen Crane should write you a splendid dramatic American play of the war, which contained real literary merit and was a thoroughly fine production: would it succeed?"

"I do not think it would succeed, unless perhaps it was brought out in London first and a London audience said, 'This is worth seeing.' It would have a partial success in New York; a great many people would say it was wonderful; the newspapers would praise it; the audiences for about ten days would be good; then they would fall off. People would begin to say, 'Well, it is rather dull after all,' and they would flock over to some recent London success or some new comic opera. You see, what is called a *succes d'estime* is not in our sense a success; it does not make money. Stephen Crane or Julian Hawthorne or Hopkinson Smith or Frank Stockton or Richard Harding Davies or any one of our celebrities in literature would, in all probability, not succeed at all on the stage. Yes, I admit that the standard of our American drama—that is, plays of Americans on American topics—is inferior to the standard of our American literature. We have Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, while we have no really distinguished playwrights. I do not think the genius of the American people is dramatic. If an American does anything very great or stupendous, he does not flourish his arms about and yell at the top of his voice, as an Italian or a Frenchman would do. He will quietly smoke a cigar, and write two or three words on

a piece of paper, and the thing is done. He does not throw himself into an attitude; he does not like to attitudinize. I think that he abhors all display as a rule, whereas his wife and his daughters are much more apt to like display and to like dramatic action. Take Jay Gould, for example, he would dictate some of his greatest moves on Wall street, while cutting the dead leaves off his geraniums in his conservatory on the Hudson. Of course such a thing as that would read, perhaps, well enough in a story, but, as shown on the stage, would not be impressive. The audience would hardly appreciate what was being done. So the American in all his varied relations is generally quiet and undramatic; that is the trouble with the American drama—to be realistic it must be too 'quiet.'"

"You say that, as now presented, it is not amusing, but that it is vulgar?"

"I answer that the stage is yet under a sort of ban. A boy graduates from college and he may have very great ability as an actor—in fact, have a genius for acting; but this is the last thing that his parents would think of as a profession. Our actors, as I have said before, are not well brought up, as a rule, and vulgarity in gesture, movement, dress, and action is the great thing which stage managers try to guard against and have difficulty in subduing. You can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail. In England, actors and actresses are very well brought up; so it will be some day in this country; we won't have to recruit the stage from among our plumbers, our firemen, and our pugilists."

Thus the manager of one of our New York

theaters would give us his practical ideas, and incidentally verify what we said about the drama being limited by the box-office. We very much doubt whether there will ever be another Booth, another Salvini, another Forrest, another Macready, or even another Irving. The great Shakespearean parts are not studied by our younger men. A young actor has no special school in which the fine, grand old technique is taught. Genius will come again among actors, but the result will be high finish, intellect, and delicacy, instead of strength and grandeur. With the death of Booth we shall never again be thrilled by that wonderful power of verisimilitude which is the true secret power of all good actors. The future of the stage in America is not a pleasant one. We see nothing ahead exept further imitations and reproductions of what Europe gives us. Our playwrights are afraid to describe their own country truthfully. They fall back into mannerisms of other days. Such plays as the "Heart of Maryland" and "Alabama," while better than the average, are not yet what we want. What we need is not simply and solely ingenuity in playwriting, but the intellect back of ingenuity which seizes upon great epochs of our history, great social questions, and, in fact, seizes on life as it is. We cannot hope to produce anything great until the reward for such production is great. It is said that the very best play is liable to be thrown by a manager into the waste-paper basket simply because its box-office value, or drawing value, cannot be readily ascertained. We would say to the managers, Produce a great play and the box-office will take care of itself; they say, Bring

me a London success and I will let the play take care of itself.

If what we have said of plays in New York is true of winter-time, the productions that appear in summer are simply unspeakable. A vaudeville performance called "In Gay New York," which, like the "Passing Show," seeks to portray the various successes of the stage during the past year, is but a vaudeville performance involving singing, dancing, and vulgarity. Why are not theaters open in summer, or at least one or two of them, where a high-class play can be enjoyed? Why is a theater-goer forced to be present at exhibitions of indecency or compelled to listen to ribald songs? We believe that managers, who are forever looking at the box-office, would obtain a profit by putting some of our best plays on in summer.

College Notes.—Dr. Joseph Twitchell, of ~~Hartford~~ Yale, roused no little feeling among the Yale alumni who were at New Haven to attend the Commencement Exercises by the following:

> President Woolsey was a Union man heart and soul, and it would make this bronze statue avert its head were he to know that the graduating class of Yale were to plant on the walls of a building on the campus an ivy from the grave of Robert E. Lee. General Lee was a good man, but he was loyal to an infamous cause.

Dr. Twitchell is an old army man, and he still feels the same antagonism toward the South that he felt in war times. It is now about thirty-one years since the war was declared over. General Lee lies buried in the

soil of Virginia, and were it not for the pensions paid not only to veterans, but to numerous bounty jumpers, skedaddlers, and pious frauds, we should hardly realize that a Civil War had taken place. While President Woolsey was a Union man heart and soul, we believe that his loyalty would have permitted him to forgive the South and to welcome Southerners to his *alma mater*, and to have been glad that the memory of such a distinguished and honorable character as General Lee should be perpetuated on the Yale campus. The cause of the South, though characterized as "infamous" during the heat of the conflict, is now recognized by all as having represented the convictions of a society whose traditions and ethical views differed from those of the North, but which were, nevertheless, sincere. It is not in honor of the opinions of General Lee, but of his character, that a sprig of ivy from his grave may, with propriety, be planted by the walls of a Northern college as the best available substitute for an olive branch, and as a kindly symbol of the somewhat modern conception that character may remain unaffected even by the widest and bitterest differences of opinion.

* * *

THE NEW YORK *Sun* of June 22 contained an editorial devoted to Mr. Dickson's article entitled "Blackwood's History of the United States" in the June number of THE BACHELOR OF ARTS. After giving a summary of the article, which it characterizes as written with "remarkable ingenuity and good temper," the *Sun* says:

It was a fortunate inspiration which led Mr. Dickson

to go to this fountain-head of historical information (*i.e.*, *Blackwood's Magazine*), and our people are indebted to him and THE BACHELOR OF ARTS for a valuable service performed so thoroughly that it will not have to be done again.

* * *

THE *Sun* of June 23 has an editorial on what it calls "The Puny City College Graduates," basing the word "puny" on President McClay's statement that the graduating class, with a few conspicuous exceptions, were "narrow-chested, round-shouldered, stooped men, and in an exceedingly imperfect condition physically." The same gentleman had observed that the girl graduates from the Normal College, as a rule, are magnificent specimens of physical development. The *Sun* further says, as a cause for their peculiar appearance, that the fault accordingly must be with those exceptional college boys themselves, although it is a condition for which a public system of training in the institution must be held largely responsible. Their youthful spirits must be crushed. The methods of the college must drive out boys of vigorous and healthy natures; it must be a bad college to which to send them; it must be a costly, needless, and utterly inconsistent part of a public-school system, supported by public taxation, and it seems injuring those whom it is supposed to benefit."

There are only about fifty or sixty graduated in each year, for whom the city pays $150,000 annually.

As to whether or not it would be well for the city to turn the City College over to Columbia, agreeing, for example, to pay the Columbia College authorities for the tuition of such young men as they should nominate, would be

a good plan, we are not prepared to say. The City College has turned out some very fine men. Some of the leaders at the bar and in the pulpit, and several of the leading merchants, of the City of New York were graduated at the City College.

It certainly seems absurd to pay $150,000 of the city's money each year to graduate sixty half-deformed young scholars. This is hardly the ratio between salary and graduating class in any of our greater institutions. At Yale, the ratio between the professors and the graduating class is about $20,000 to 300. The cost to-day at Yale and Harvard is roughly stated at $1,000 per graduate. The cost at the College of the City of New York is about $2,500, but it must be understood that Yale and Harvard support an enormous number of outside schools and departments, whereas the College of the City of New York is devoting its funds to the academic department only.

* * *

THE LATE Dr. Kendrick, of Rochester, although one of the most profound Greek scholars of the age, was even more renowned for his wit than for his learning among the university students, whose love and terror he was. He had a singular antipathy to keeping watch during examinations, saying that, however it might be with others, his scholars were gentlemen, and gentlemen didn't cheat. On one occasion, when regulations not to be disregarded demanded his presence in the room, he turned his back on the candidates, went to sleep, and snored mightily. The examination threatened to be utterly broken up. A question was concocted to ask in order to wake him gently. Selecting an ex-

tract from the "Seven against Thebes," which had been given for translation, somebody ventured:

"Professor Kendrick"——

"Professor!" A tremendous snort was the only response.

"O *Professor*!"

"Eh, eh—what a——" turning around with a jump.

"Er—does it make any difference whether we spell these *gods* with a small or a capital g?"

"Either, either, just so you get 'em on, but it'll make a good many odds if you leave 'em off entirely!"

The doctor's prominent position in a Baptist university made his disapproval of things theatrical conspicuous even at a time when such regard was more common than now. Charlotte Cushman, at the height of her success, was playing in Rochester, when some exhortation against her from the pulpit aroused her wrath, and she declared she would have every divine worthy the name in the city at one of her Sunday-afternoon receptions. A wager was laid that she would not have Dr. Kendrick. She accepted it and wrote him, among others, that she felt sadly the need of spiritual advice, and begged him to come to see her on a certain Sabbath afternoon. He came, among others. When he was shown into the room, Miss Cushman sailed up to him, and indicating his several associates, painfully embarrassed by the flashing smiles and gleaming bosoms that besieged them, said:

"Ah, Dr. Kendrick, you see we have quite an evangelical gathering to-day."

The courtly doctor bowed—

"Indeed, Madam, Eve enough, I'm sure,—but—may I not doubt as to the angelical?"

* * *

Ex-Gov. Daniel H. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, apparently stirred by Dr. Twitchell's statements, sent $200 to the Yale treasurer for the purpose of the "erection of such permanent visible and specific memorial as the university authorities may consider appropriate," to the end that a memorial to the Yale graduates who lost their lives in the late war be erected. From the letter which Gov. Chamberlain wrote accompanying his gift of $200 it appears that the memorial is intended to honor those who perished on either side of the battle. A memorial building such as Harvard has is needed at Yale, and we trust that some other distinguished alumnus will follow up Gov. Chamberlain's modest gift. We observed from a newspaper report that a certain lady has bequeathed $750,000 to Yale on her death. Perhaps this sum may eventually be utilized in providing Yale with a suitable memorial-hall.

* * *

Yale '95 is having a hard time over its class boy, or boys. Two boy babies were born to classmates the same day and the same hour. The class determined to take evidence as to which boy cried first or "yelled for Yale," as the students put it. Whichever is proved to have 'rah 'rahed for Yale first will get the class cup.

BOOK NOTICES.

In India. Translated from the French of ANDRE CHEVRILLON, by William Merchant. (Henry Holt & Co.) —A most delightful book of travel ; to be sure there are few practical details and almost no statistical facts ; it is all vague "French," poetic, shadowy, like the mystic land it describes ; but it is filled with fresh, vivid, glowing impressions, with beautiful word pictures that make us fairly see this strange people with their significant, picturesque customs ; their weird, grotesque forms of worship and their complex social structure. M. Chevrillon with proverbial French versatility has grasped the point of view of the Hindu, and has shown that beneath the apparent absurdity of their religious doctrines and dogmas there is an underlying ethical significance that is lofty and dignified. Though, of course, he deplores the fact that their exalted ideas have absolutely no practical bearing upon their lives— that they "lie, slay, steal, and commit violence to women" in spite of the most rigid and conscientious observance of religious rites which seem to be more senseless and absurd than the games of children. We cannot but admire M. Chevrillon's frank admiration of the English character and administration. So just and generous an estimate of the British Colonist is seldom afforded by a Frenchman.

But his point of view is always French, never more amusingly so than in the following sentence, which occurs in the course of his remarks on Hindu ethics : "Those offences against morality that we *surround with so much reserve and secrecy* are here paraded in the open day."—Not those offences that we so strongly deprecate, not "those offences" that we regard with such shocked disapproval, but merely "that we surround with so much reserve and secrecy." Here is the true French *insouciance* which W. C. Brownell has skillfully shown in his "French Traits."

In his descriptions of the scenery and architecture of the East M. Chevrillon is peculiarly happy ; the luminous, white sky, vaporous air, the flaming flowers, the brilliant birds and beasts sparkle and glow and pulsate beneath his pen.

The Taj-Mahal, that ever-new marvel of sublime beauty which has been painted and sung in rhapsodies by every traveler, glows with a new loveliness in his description. The dazzling splendor of the tomb of Akbar, with its lacework of stone and its mosaic of jewels; the baths of the women in Akbar's citadel, with their great basins of jade and their translucent white walls and columns where "ten thousand little facetted mirrors gleam like diamonds in the darkness and reflect the light of innumerable tiny lamps burning in niches, the wonder and the beauty of that marvelous rose-colored street of Rajputana with its "pink houses, pink palaces, pink bell-towers, and pavilions," the weird gloom of the temple of Siva, hewn from the side of the mountain in one solid block, 160 ft. long by 100 broad and high, encrusted with entanglements of elephants, tigers, monkeys, human forms, genii, chased like a piece of ivory from the hand of a Chinese workman. All these he sees with an artist's eye and reproduces with a poet's pen.

We quite share his amusement at "Captain Hallelujah Smith, formerly a Circus Clown," singing his "grand Wesleyan hymns" to polka tunes; but we wish he had not included in his humorous description of the Salvation Army the fair young English girl in her Oriental draperies, her bare feet in the dust, her angel eyes, her complexion like a lily, and her expression so serious, calm, and maidenly. The juxtaposition is so incongruous as to be painful.

His encomium on the "superiority" of the Jesuit success in China during the eighteenth century is little short of appalling.

There is probably nothing in history more revolting than the accounts of the atrocities perpetrated by the Jesuits in India during the eighteenth century, in the name of the Christian faith—'with what skill they *adapted* Christianity to the faculties and needs of the Chinese soul,'" says M. Chevrillon.

The details of that impious and corrupt "adaptation" are well known to every student of church history (that is, church history not written by Jesuits), and the harmless, though perhaps undignified, methods of the Salvation Army seem preferable by contrast.

However, when we reflect upon the temple that is

being erected in Bindrabund at a cost of one million and a quarter of dollars "to the greater honor of Krishna," it does not seem as though any missionaries, be they Jesuit, Church of England, Methodist, or Salvationist, had accomplished very much. On the contrary, the number of converts to Buddhism and Theosophy since the advent of so many Buddhist teachers to this country "must give us pause," and make us think we had best bestir ourselves here at home if we do not want more of our "weaker vessels" to go over to the enemy.

Memoirs of a Little Girl. By WINIFRED JOHNES. (The Trans-Atlantic Publishing Company.)—This book is interesting, whether viewed as a study of girlhood or a narrative. We judge it to be an honestly written contribution to the study of modern woman. As such it has an unusual value. It is very true, and the children in the book are real flesh and blood. There is no mawkish sentimentalism, no Sunday-school morality, no effort to instruct. It is the capable work of a woman who rehearses some of the episodes of her own childhood, who has made a study of the phases of child-life, and who thoroughly understands her subject.

Madelon. By MARY E. WILKINS. (Harper & Brothers.)—In this story we have a new departure for Miss Wilkins: she leaves the realm of realism and delineation of character, and enters romance—but without advancing her reputation. It is indeed a story of love and passion, written by one who has rather vague conceptions of what passion is. Suffice it to say that if what we may call the "limited passion" of Miss Wilkins is hardly true to nature, it is true, in a sense, of New England. After a scene of mutual declaration, Burr Gordon "gasps out, *at length*, Oh, Madelon!

"But Madelon turned away then, 'You must go home now,' she said, 'and I must. Good night, Burr.'"

"Good night," said Burr, as if he repeated it at her bidding.

"Then they passed without touching each other," etc.

Hall Caine is braver and more true to nature, carry-

ing his heroine into the *finale* of her passion throes and their consequences. Miss Wilkins is too dainty—too refined. This story of Madelon—involving a stabbing by the heroine of Lot Gordon, a cripple, who considerately dies in the end by his own hand, is a study of love, and really gives us little impression of the author's power. Madelon is too uninteresting. She is too scornful, too impulsive, too "highstericky." Burr is a stick. Dorothy is too babyish. The book does not hold the reader and it is valuable only for what Miss Wilkins has always been valuable—description. The opening chapters of the dancing and the "lilting" are very high class. So are the interiors of the Hautville house, the village life of long ago, the old parson, etc.

Miss Wilkins has better *technique* than Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and her *technique* saves her from such crudities as "A Singular Life." But we wish that Miss Wilkins would return to her earlier "Studies" of life, and not ramble about in the paths of passion where Miss Phelps —if she only understood herself, is easily her superior. We would ask from Miss Phelps a great novel of religious feeling, sin, and passion, and death and damnation! We would ask from Miss Wilkins another string of her exquisite cameos of New-England life.

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by MARK TWAIN. (Harper & Bros.)—The illustrations of this book are beautiful. Du Mond spent months in France getting local color, and his work is of a very high order.

As for the book itself, it does not add much to history or to literature or to Mark Twain's reputation. Joan is a nice little American girl of the mid-nineteenth century. Sensitive, feminine, delicate, pretty, she blushes easily, she is moved to tears on every other page—as heroines of Mark Twain's youth used to be moved. It is a nice, readable, popular, Sunday-school book for the young. To adult minds it is prolix and tedious, and also sad, a combination devoutly to be avoided.

The true Joan of Arc, the fifteenth-century Joan, was probably a Joan such as Bastien Lepage painted, a dreamy-eyed peasant brought up coarsely, a rough specimen filled with her mission to save France. The

real Joan seems to us greater, nobler, more wonderful than the "nice little girl" Joan of Mark Twain's senile imagination. To write the book may have been a labor of love with the kindly old humorist—but he would have done well to let the task alone. Anthony Hope, with his keen sense of the dramatic possibilities of Joan's career, would have succeeded better. Strip off her armor, get rid of the castles, caparisoned horses, battles, kings, and dukes, and you have—Hartford and modern life, such as Mark knows very well. The conversations are of to-day. "Shut up!" cries Cauchon in anger. "Does this content you—impulsive little soldier?" says the King. "Dear me!" etc. As one lays aside the book one asks, Why has Mark done this thing? Has he lost his sense of humor? Is he no longer capable of amusing us? Or has he the keen sense to see that such dreadful nonsense as *Innocents Abroad, Roughing It*, etc., would no longer please us—and so turns into a prosy, goody-goody writer of Sunday-school tales in his old age? No doubt this book will sell well, and a great many schoolgirls will cry over it, and critics will praise it to the skies—but after all, is it worth the writing?

What They Say in New England, by Clifton Johnson. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)—This is an amusing collection of the signs, sayings, and superstitions of New England. The folk-lore of the early inhabited States must show our great inheritance of English sayings. Many of these come straight from our fatherland. Our forefathers got some of their notions, too, from the "Injuns." Thus if an "Injun" could hang his powder-horn on the horn of the new moon it was sure to be dry, and he could go hunting. The moon, according to Indian tradition, is the source of rain. Who does not remember the old Italian children's counting-out rhyme—old, perhaps, to the Romans:

Ene mene moni mi
Barca lona bona stri,
Air wair frown tack
Halico Balico be, bi, bo—back!
You're *it*! You're *it*!

Here is the New England receipt for buying a horse:

One white foot try him,
Two white feet buy him,
Three white feet refuse him,
Four white feet and a white nose
Knock him in the head, and feed him to the crows.

"Hold your breath and you can handle a wasp." This is marvelously true. "Red-headed girls are always accompanied by white horses." We have seen this verified often. "Ants won't cross a white chalk line."

The old spelling-bees of New England receive a chapter to themselves. Altogether the book is very interesting as a collection of our own folk-lore.

The Unclassed, by GEORGE GISSING. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)—This novel takes us among that distressing class of women who, through poverty and stress of circumstances, are "forced" to lead a shameful life. Vice is not made alluring or attractive in the book. The women are not made fascinating. The descriptions of the characters would lead one to believe them to be eminently proper young persons. They have a hard time to live. They have soul struggles. They want to be good. They are really deserving in all respects except their means of livelihood, and the novelist makes it very difficult to see why they are not deserving. They have been sorely tempted to prolong existence by this means—and they have prolonged it. Not through passion—not through desire, but for life—they sin.

Ida Starr's mother has done as Ida is forced to do. A sad story of deprivation. Ida, through her love for Waymark, a sentimental Philander, who would not do harm to any one, tries to be pure, and at last succeeds, inherits property, marries the noble Waymark. She is accused of theft, is cast into jail—Waymark proves her innocent. The episodes of the book are all rather slummy—and the people all rather "rank." Yet, if the book was capable of doing any good to any reader it might be pardoned. Ida reforms through love; but love does not always produce reformation. A woman of Ida's character only finds justification for sin in the book. The right moral is not taught—death rather than dishonor. Excuses are heaped up—piled mountain

high. London's own population is dwelt upon—low wages, insults, poverty, etc.

London and New York are full of these "problems." And it is not our purpose to discuss in these columns the "Social Evil." It exists. It is a part of life—in city and country. It is sad—but it is true—the purity of women of higher grade is what it is by reason of this continual sacrifice of the "cheaper" grade. Lecky praises these unhappy creatures for their martyrdom. Mr. Gissing extenuates them. We must believe that there is some good for others in their unhappy lives. Reformation, when it begins, should begin with the men; and men—are men!

How Women Love, by MAX NORDAU (F. Tennyson Neely).—These stories by Nordau are well worth reading. The story of the "Art of Growing Old" is the best in the book. The middle-aged Don Juan, the Baron Robert von Linden, finds that he has arrived at 44, at an age when he must cease his love affairs. To him love and passion are all there is to life. He marries a beautiful young girl as a last hope—his age is emphasized to him—he shoots himself. There is an old mistress, Frau von der Lehde, who tries to woo him back to her and to give him an opportunity to finish out his life in peace, but her constancy repels him. The type of man who makes it his business to love is rare in America, and it is difficult for us to understand the standpoint of Von Linden. He is a sportsman—women his "game." He is successful. The time comes when age will not permit of further sport—then he kills himself. Society to him is intensely interesting, since he is always on the chase—and is always armed and ready. He kills two men in duels,—husbands who objected. A recent French writer has questioned the stability of society if *liaisons* are not to be allowed (!). "The stupidity of social life is the condition of the secret sport," he says, "and women would be tame creatures, indeed, if we were not permitted to make game of them. Moreover," he says, "women enjoy the chase, and admire a valiant pursuer." "The highest sport on earth is in society—the successful pursuit of a beautiful woman, under the risk of her husband's pistol, is better fun than tiger shooting in

India. In France men of leisure plan a year ahead for the capture of a woman whose beauty has ensnared them. It affords them all there is of interest in life."

In America men find in business, sport, politics, professions, occupations using up all their available time. They are not always better morally than Europeans, but they are more sensible. They respect women, and rarely set out in deliberation to ensnare them—they are busy over other matters. It has produced here a vast class of women who "flirt innocently,"—who have close friendships with men, but who never overstep certain bounds. Max Nordau in his book rarely alludes to pure women,—yet his creations are all in "Society," and respectable. The usual "friendships" which exist here would astonish him. Dr. Bergmann, an eminent young German physician, meets Ada Burgess, an American of St. Louis, of German parentage, and walks out into the moonlight and into the woods. They forget the ballroom and the dance music—and at once kiss each other passionately. Ada does not shrink back "until his burning lips sought hers. . . . Then they rested on a mossy bank, his head in her lap. . . . Sudden ecstasy began to cloud her senses."

Suddenly a blast of a horn from the castle, and Ada leaps up and runs back to her chaperone. She refuses to see Dr. Bergmann again, and he is much disturbed, —"but does not strive to see her in her own apartments—he felt he owed her due reserve."

How different the American flirtation in which passion never enters, and in which fun, wit, jollity, goodheartedness, and respect crush out the foolish and wicked passion from the mind. How different—and how much more civilized!

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS regrets to state that the stories submitted to it for the $125 story prize were none of them of sufficient literary merit to warrant their receiving the prize. THE BACHELOR therefore renews its offer as heretofore made, and postpones the date at which the stories shall be handed in to January 1, 1897.

The same conditions will apply as before. Those who sent in their stories in competition will, on application to THE BACHELOR, either receive back the sub-

scription price sent in, together with their stories, or may receive back their stories as submitted, leaving the subscription price to stand, in case they choose to enter the competition for January 1, 1897.

As announced in our May number, we reserved the right to postpone giving the prize in case the literary merit of the story should be found insufficient. We would advise those who have already competed to receive back their stories, let their entrance fee remain with THE BACHELOR, and submit the same stories improved, or a new story, for competition on or before January 1 next.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Prophets of Israel, by CARL H. CORNILL. (The Open Court Publishing Company.)

The Lost MS., by GUSTAV FREYTAG. (The Open Court Publishing Company.)

Stops of Various Quills, by W. D. HOWELLS. (Harper & Bros.)

The Evolution of Woman, by H. W. MCVICKAR. Harper & Bros.)

Shakespeare and Music, by E. W. NAYLOR. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Interpretation of Literature, by W. H. CRAWSHAW. (Macmillan & Co.)

Les Miserables (abridged by Prof. F. C. DE SUMICHRIST). (Ginn & Co.)

Epitomes of Three Sciences. (The Open Court Publishing Company.)

The Suicide Club, by R. L. STEVENSON. (Scribner's.)

Primer of Philosophy, by Dr. PAUL CARUS. (The Open Court Publishing Company.)

The Captured Cunarder, by W. H. RIDEING. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

A New Note, by ELLA MAC-MAHON. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

The Heart of a Mystery, by T. W. SPEIGHT. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

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